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ANNUALS AND FINE-ART EMBELLISHMENTS.

[As this class of publication has inundated us within the last few days, we have thought it would not be amiss to keep them all together, and, instead of ranging some under the head of Literary Review, and others under the Fine Arts, give a general view of them in front of the *Gazette*.]

The Keepsake for 1846. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Engravings under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath. Longmans.

A PORTRAIT of the Princess Royal, by Lucas, is the frontispiece to this year's *Keepsake*, and represents an interesting girl, bearing a marked resemblance to the royal family, with large intelligent eyes, a plump healthful person, and very womanly arms. She holds a miniature of her father; and the whole arrangement is in the best taste.

This week being like a book-holiday,—for our table is covered with rich and showy bindings, and we seem to be rolling in literary gold (a mighty rarity, and only gilt after all),—we have removed the entire class, as above stated, from a separate existence, although we consider them as belonging rather more to the Fine Arts than to any of the realms of learning or letters. Not but that Lady Blessington, has, as usual, ably and pleasantly performed the part of editor, and not only written some appropriate pieces both in verse and prose herself, but enlisted a popular corps of contributors to vary the themes; but that the pictures are truly the main attractions, and the text generally of that magazine-character of appendage which can only claim secondary rank. The papers are, indeed, very unequal, and some of them, with the best-known names attached, the least meritorious, whilst by far the most original thing in the volume is from a female pen, as far as we can remember, unknown to fame. We allude to the stanzas entitled “*MUSIC*,” by Miss G. F. Ross, and which are as follows:

“I heard a warbling lark,
On its upward flight it sprang;
The very air around
With its rich, clear music rang;
And I fancied that the bird
That sang so close to heaven,
To give the very sounds
That reached it thence had striven!
I heard a holy hymn,
The Lord of Hosts it praised;
And it seemed as if the soul
Were with the voice upraised.
’Twas but a boy who sang,
But methought an angel’s tone
Must have echoed in his ear
When he made those notes his own!
O God! if such on earth
Thy imperfect praise can be,—
Pour’d by a soulless bird,
Or human minstrelsy,—
What can mortal heart conceive
Of the golden harps above,
That are never, never strung
But to purity and love?”

There might have been more poetical polish bestowed upon these thoughts, but they are new, and delivered with a genuine intensity of feeling, which is the essence of song. A Ghost-Story, by Lady Blessington, and especially its conclusion, is also a happy idea, and wrought out with consummate touches of human nature. A charming three-volume novel might be

penned in developing the same principle, and carrying it through other circumstances and relations of life. A beloved wife, lost from the blessedness of early married life, is permitted to return from the grave, and leave a written memorial of her feelings on the occasion:

“When, in the bitter agony of feeling that I was about to be torn from you, I said that if departed souls were ever permitted to revisit this earth again, I would hover near you; I dreamt not that by the fruition of this wish I should entail on myself pangs sharper even than those I experienced when anticipating our separation, or when gazing on you for the last time. Whether it be accorded to other departed souls to return on earth, or that to me alone the fulfilment of this longing desire was granted, I know not; but that, which in my mortal weakness I believed was to prove my consolation in death, has been so heavy a punishment, that I bow my spirit before the throne of the Almighty, and pray to be henceforth exempted from this privilege. It was not granted me to revisit this earth for many months after my decease. Oh, how interminably long did those months appear! their awful silence and monotony, broken only by the sounds of the iron-tongued clock of the church as it tolled the passing hours, and the solemn peals of the organ, which reverberated in the vault where my mortal remains were reposing. There, powerless, motionless, I was laid; yet oh, horror of horrors! with the loss of life I had not lost consciousness. The memory of those, too, fondly loved on earth, still haunted me; and the craving desire to revisit them never left me. No, I had not lost consciousness. I could feel the cold slimy worm crawl over me, but I had not the power to move even a finger to chase it. At length it was accorded me to return to earth again, and I hastened to the scene of our past happiness—that happiness of which not death itself had brought oblivion; for in that world, the dread secrets of which none may reveal to mortal, the thought of your grief troubled my repose. At the midnight hour, when graves yield up their dead, I glided to your chamber, and there saw another fill my place, bask in your smiles, and listen with pleased attention to those vows of love that had so often delighted my ears. I heard your fondly-remembered accents address to her those expressions of tenderness once familiar to my ear, and saw those arms passionately encircle her form, which had been wont to embrace mine. . . . And such is mortal love! the love of man, which outlives not the loss of the object, but hastens to lavish on a successor all those endearments, those nameless proofs of affection, once sacred to another—to one who found that the bitterness of death consisted in leaving him. Your brow was smooth as ever; your eyes bore no traces of tears; health marked your cheeks with its own hue, and your laugh was joyous as that of childhood. I saw that I was forgotten, that the objects around which ought to have recalled me to your mind awakened no reminiscences, and that the blooming creature whom your arm encircled alone occupied your thoughts. And was it for this I refused to taste the Lethean cup prepared for the dead—refused to enjoy the re-

pose allotted to souls unstained by guilt! Oh, pardon me, Almighty, that I should have dared to carry into another world the love that had but too much engrossed my heart in this. I am sufficiently punished in beholding what I have seen—in knowing that I am no longer remembered in a heart where I once hoped my image would never be effaced. I glided from your chamber to that of my children, and bent over the slumbering innocents with all the melting fondness which not even death itself can conquer in a mother’s heart. While I watched the peaceful sleepers, the moonbeams playing on their fair faces, one awoke, and called to the other, saying, ‘It is time to get up; for dear mamma told me she would take us with her to-day, and that we must be ready early.’ ‘Yes,’ replied the other dear one, ‘mamma is so good and dear, we must not keep her waiting.’ The husband it was more than death to part from had found a successor for me in his home and heart—the children I had idolised no longer remembered me! Ah! the dead should never desire to revisit this earth—never wish to behold those dearer to them than life! Ere I leave this home for ever, I have sought the boudoir that once was mine, and have traced these lines. I see my writing-table has not been opened since I departed, and perhaps this paper may never meet your eyes; nevertheless, I bid you farewell—a long and last farewell. It would now be a sin to call you beloved, as in other times when you were only mine. You are at present the husband of another, and your poor buried Frances is nought to you. May you be happy, O Henry; and may I find in the world to which I belong as complete oblivion of you, as you on earth have found of me.”

A “Scene,” in French, by Eugene Sue, adds to the novelties and attractions of the volume; and an Irish tale by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and a French one by the Baroness de Calabrella, little sparkling lines by Mr. Bernal (who is author also of a good English prose story), Barry Cornwall, Lord Robertson, &c., and, finally, a smart sketch by Mr. Albert Smith, all deserve to be noticed and praised; and the *mélange*, in toto, pronounced, in respect to its letter-press, to be as pretty, variegated, and entertaining as ever, and as fit for a Christmas-gift.

Of the plates, Olympia, painted by J. W. Wright, is sweetly simple and expressive; Castile Salviati, picturesque, but patchy, dark and light; the Grisette, W. P. Frith, a clever illustration of Sterne; Marie, rather sad; the Bell, E. Corbould, a striking and effective composition; a Rustic Fair, L. Huskinson, a characteristic English fair in the Flemish style; and the Exchange, by Augustus Egg (a young artist upon whose auspicious advance we have, for some time, had an eye), exceedingly spirited, and (Heath himself the engraver) well-executed in every respect. The rest have no distinguishing features to call for remark, except that the lady in the Quarrel, F. P. Stephanoff, hath an eye and a look which we should be sorry to witness in any one with whom we should ever, as the common saying is, “make it up again.”

The Book of Beauty, &c. &c. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Longmans.

MEN never did, never can, never will agree upon the subject of Beauty. What is one man's meat is another man's poison, says the old adage; and old adages have more truth in them, perhaps, than young beauties. But whether this be the case or not, we only offer it to excuse our opinion should it differ, little or much, from the opinions of those who turn over the pages of this Annual to examine and criticise the countenances which it presents for public admiration. To our taste, the specimens of British loveliness will not serve to impress the surpassing charms of our fair countrywomen upon foreign nations. The features of the great majority (though many are what is called very good-looking) do not captivate us; and, probably with the exception of the two sisters Maceod, we could not from a whole portfolio of the others select three as examples of extraordinary female or feminine attraction. There is also an extravagant conventionalism of art in some of them; and though we dislike the invidiousness of individual comparison, it is impossible not to notice eyes protruded with telescopic range, and points of sight and tears expressed by specks of white considerably larger than grains of mustard-seed.

The literary illustrations of the pictorial illustrations are contributed by various popular writers, and as pleasant as the nature of the tasks would admit. It is very difficult to say any thing of a high order of poetry, year after year, upon portraits. *The Book of Beauty*, however, will still maintain its claims upon the fashionable world, which is not unreasonable enough to demand perfections in a volume created simply to gratify an idle hour in the Christmas-holidays.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1846.
By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. London and Paris, Fisher, Son, and Co.

In an elegant binding, the modestly-named *Scrap-Book* for the ensuing year presents us, on its very threshold, with great attractions—the name of Mrs. Norton, a noble frontispiece landscape after Rubens, and a sweet vignette by Corboux. “*L'Envoi*” opens the way in a charming manner to a medley of the affecting and sportive, which pervades the volume, and excites alternately the tear and the smile. The “*Dog's Ambition*,” illustrating the vignette, is so merry a sample of the latter, that we borrow it for the nonce:

“*The Dog's Ambition.*”

What a pity it is that we dogs should be dumb!
I declare I'd give years, if I had them to come,
To be able to utter one fervent petition.
For I'm dying a martyr to baffled ambition.
While I yet was a puppy (the time's long gone by!)
I was given away, with a kiss and a sigh,
By a little Scotch boy to his little pale cousin
(Whose squirrels and birds had died off by the dozen);
And having the luck, while she yet was a child,
And by lilies, or blue-bells, or something beguiled,
Bent over a torrent too rashly to stand,
To plunge to her rescue and drag her to land,—
I was dubbed quite a hero, and made such a treasure,
That my life was a round of perpetual pleasure;
And the laird told all Perthshire, I saved his dear daughter,
That terrible day, from the falls of Dunwater!

Well, the pale little cousin grew taller and taller,
Her shoulders much wider,—her waist even smaller;
And I often heard gentlemen say on the moors,
When we met them by chance (for we weren't much in-doors),
Though her bonnet was off, and her hair out of curl,—
“Who is that? oh, by Jove, what a beautiful girl!”
The laird kept his house full of comers and goers,
And the awkwardest sportsmen made elegant wooers;
But all Cupid's arrows glanced harmless the while,
Her little red mouth kept its innocent smile;
Not a spark of the light faded out of her eye,—
She talked and she laughed, but she never would sigh.

One day—now begins the hard part of my story—
When the sun on the blue hills was setting in glory,
As we strolled to the house, I perceived at the door
Two visitors who had arrived just before:
One exclaimed, “What a lovely and picturesque sight!”
And the other, “Why, Anne, you've forgotten me quite!”

Then she blushed (how she blushed!), and she gazed,
Still in doubt,
Till he said, “I'm your cousin, the secret is out;
Give me leave to present Mr. Landseer, a friend
Who has come a few days at Dunwater to spend.”
She, bewildered a moment, continued to stand,
Then started—half curtsy'd—half held out her hand:
And (omen of what sort of luck would befall me),
Walked off with the cousin—forgetting to call me!
Mr. Landseer stood whistling a tune on the lawn;
He stooped down and patted me when they were gone,
And he said, “Shaggy friend, I suspect you and I
Will be left pretty much to ourselves by and by.”
Yes, that was the way my acquaintance began
With that wonderful artist and excellent man!
I had known him before, by his great reputation—
(An honour, a glory, and pride to the nation!)
And I own that my constant ambition has been
To be painted by him (like the dogs of the Queen),
Ever since I beheld, in the shop of Maclean,
That exquisite portrait,* half canine, half human:
I think it's a spaniel—he says it's a woman—
Where the hair hangs like curls (it is really a puzzle)
All silky and soft round my alarm and dismay,
Looking so like a lapdog I loved in my youth,
That I scarce can believe the sly artist speaks truth.
Now, thought I, if these cousins should happen to marry,

The point will be gained I so much wish to carry!
The least they can do for their old servant's sake,
Is to tell Mr. Landseer my pieties to make.
And I ne'er shall forget my alarm and dismay,
When they quarrelled (as lovers do quarrel) one day:
And, wandering out by the side of the torrent,
That once nearly carried her off in its current,
The pale cousin wept, with her white arms flung
round me.

And sobbed, “Would, poor dog, you had left where
you found me,
With the cold stones beneath, and the waters above—
I then had not lived to remember his love!”
Then with tears she imprinted a kiss on my head;
When her cousin came up, with a quick, hasty tread,
And looking exceeding unhappy and yellow,
Said sulkily, “Would I were you, my old fellow!”

I am dumb—but I swear you might read in my eye,
“Make it up! make it up!” (which they did, by the by).
Well, they married at last, and my joy was complete;
Except that another small dog at her feet
Was constantly lying, and snarling and snapping,
Disturbing my slumbers when quietly napping;—
A ridiculous creature, the maids used to deck
With a bit of blue ribbon tied round its fat neck.
When to town for the season the young couple came,
I heard them both admiring Landseer by name.
They went to his house—I ran after the carriage:
Now, thought I, the great scheme that should follow
(this marriage!)

She told the good painter she never could rest
Till he'd made her a sketch of the dog she loved best;
And she stood, looking up in his face, smiling brightly,
And Landseer smiled too, and he answered politely:
If he hadn't got time, he would find it, or make it,—
And the palette that would't serve her—why, he'd
break it!

Half frantic with joy, I remained waiting there,
With my tail wagging hard, and my nose in the air,
When—oh, that a dog or a poet should sing it!—
She said, “Very well, Mr. Landseer,—I'll bring it!”
Bring what?—bring the dog that she wished to be
painted!

Oh, woman! oh, gratitude! how my heart fainted!
May each pencil be broken that e'er had a nib on—
’Twas the little fat beast in the bit of blue ribbon!”

The “*Song of the Opium-Smokers*” is followed by the touching story of the “*Dead Soldier on Bingen*,” and that, besides the many others intermediately and subsequently, by “*Canute reproving his Courtiers*,”—a spirited verse; “*Jephtha's Daughter*,” the pathetic “*Lilla Vannen*,” the “*Voyage of the Bird*,”—finely descriptive and beautifully applied; and a number especially on Chinese novelties, which have evoked the Muse in every possible tone, from grave to gay, and throughout enforcing the genuine feelings of kindly sympathy and humanity. Need we add, that the engravings partake of the variety of the themes, which expound or enlarge upon their peculiar features?

* Lady and Spaniels.

The *Scrap-Book* for the year will deserve the popularity that attends its name.

The Juvenile Scrap-Book. By the Author of the “*Women of England*.” Fishers.

THE redoubted Pasha of Egypt fronts this juvenile tome. What a change in “the march of intellect” since the Saracen's Head was a bugaboo to frighten children, not exclusive of their mammas generally, and a fair proportion of their daddies! Now Mehemet Ali is a sweet, comely, cunning-looking old gentleman, with a beard that would make a foreigner's fortune in Regent Street, the Quadrant, or Leicester Square; and the youngest of us can look upon him, as upon them, without the least emotions of terror. The idea of a Great Turk is no longer frightful; and Sultans and Emirs are but small fish in the scale of tyranny and bowstringing. Even a woman ventures to edit a book with this awful portrait to begin it; and to inform us that he, Buonaparte, and Wellington were all born in the same year, viz. 1769. Upon this year we would venture to offer a few hints, which we wonder have never occurred to any of our brethren in the literary line, who produce for pay. Surely it is a fertile subject, and the origin of its causation is deserving of being investigated. There in the East—over in Corsica—and here in England—it managed to possess mothers who could give to the world such “*Imps of Fame*” as these. But what we should more particularly like to know is, the reason why the rest of the human race belonging to that year have been mere common-place mortals, and utterly undistinguished. Any other man of 1769 ought to be ashamed of himself for being a Nobody; as for their poor parents, we presume they have all slid into their graves to shun the disgrace of having so degenerate and unworthy a progeny. For ourselves, we would not even at this time of day, for the value of a hundred pounds, have been induced to take our first peep at the light in that eventful year. On the contrary, glad are we, like Guy Faux (whose effigy is just passing below our window), we repeat, like Guy Faux in James Smith's droll song, that we were “not born till after that.” One does not care if his birth happens in an unremarkable year, but to have it occur at a period when the possibility of being extraordinary is obvious, and established by notorious facts, is a misfortune enough to crush the soul. These reflections are forced upon the reflective mind by the memoir of Mehemet Ali! and we have only to add, that we consider him peculiarly lucky that he never, like the other mighty hero, Napoleon, came into collision with the third magnifico of the '69, his Grace Arthur Duke of Wellington. A view of Richmond, in Virginia, by W. F. Brooke, is a charming repose after reading of warriors; First Grief, by Newton, an affecting figure; but we need only say of the whole, that both the pictorial and literary parts are well calculated to implant gentle, kindly, virtuous, charitable, and pure religious feelings in the breasts of the young; and if they do not lead them to be great heroes, may have considerable effect in making them virtuous and happy.

The Sacred Gift: Meditations upon Scripture Subjects. With Twenty highly-finished Engravings, after celebrated Paintings by great Masters. Second Series. By the Rev. C. B. Tayler, M.A., author of “*May you like it*,” &c. Pp. 203. London and Paris, Fishers.

From the lighter Annuals, which are so prolific at this season, we turn with a chastened spirit to a volume like this. Combining deep interest

with holy feelings, and teaching us to pause a little on the important and serious, whilst we are pleased by the graceful and amused by the playful, such a work is eminently entitled to take a place of its own among the different classes of mixed literature and art which mark the expiring of the old and the birth of the coming year. It will be welcome to a very extensive body of readers, whose tone of mind inclines more to the lofty, grave, and instructive, than to the merely interesting or pleasurable in sentiment.

The different styles of Correggio, Rembrandt, Vandyck, the Poussins, &c., are still more varied by engravings after West, Boll, and other less-known artists, such as Mutiano, Ph. Veit, and Drouais. The Correggio print is particularly deserving of eulogy for its impressive execution; and the "Holy women at the tomb of Christ" (Ph. Veit) is a touchingly solemn composition. But we do wrong to the rest in particularising any of these graphic performances: the entire set is full of merit.

With regard to the literature, the name of Mr. Taylor is passport enough. Virtue in its mildest yet strongest forms, and piety in its simplest yet most steadfast truth, have ever been inculcated in his useful, and, we rejoice to add, widely popular writings; and in what he has here contributed, there is no falling off from his pure and convincing standard. We are tempted to quote an example of its poetic attractions:

"The Shunammite.

'I dwell among mine own, and I am blest,
My husband, household, dear familiar friends;
I dwell among my people, and at rest,
Thankful to God for all His goodness sends.
I have enough, nay more,' she meekly cried,—
'I dwell among mine own, and I am satisfied.'

Was there no boon a monarch could bestow,
Nought that a prophet might demand on earth,
Nothing to cause that cup to overflow,
So filled with brimming blessings from her birth?
'I dwell among mine own,' she only said,
'In this my happy home, and need no human aid.'

Riches were hers, but she was blessed with more
Than those in earthly treasure affluent,
Or garden teeming with their ripened store,—
A sweet and grateful spirit of content:
This was the great inheritance which Heaven
To the rich Shunammite had largely given.

One blessing long desired, but still denied,
Was wanting to that home of peace and joy:
She had no son.—The blessing was supplied;
The mother smiled upon her infant boy.
But He whose love the long-sought blessing sent
Now taught a higher lesson than content.

The blessing was recalled. The shades of death
Closed the fair eyelids of the lovely child.
The mother felt that with his parting breath
Earth of its sweetest blossom was despoiled,
But checked the strong temptation to rebel,
And said, in meek submission, 'It is well!'

O hard, sweet lesson! taught, my God, by Thee,
Deeply to suffer, and breathe no complaint,
In resignation to Thy wise decree,
With the true wisdom of this gentle saint.

How blest the lot, when in heart unite
Faith and content, as in the Shunammite!

And I am blest, though poor: I also dwell,
All loving, loved by all, 'among mine own,'
And I have learnt to answer, 'It is well!'
Under the deepest sorrow I have known,
Blest with true riches—in content of mind,
And the best happiness—a will resigned."

To this affecting poem we will add but a brief statement. The other pieces, in prose and verse, bear equally the character of religious persuasion; and in six of them the editor has received the congenial assistance of the Rev. Hugh McNeile, Canon Slade, Henry Raikes, R. W. Evans, Hugh Stowell, and Joseph Baylee. To the religious portion of the community we can heartily recommend *The Sacred Gift*.

The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith, &c. Illustrated by Wood-Engravings, &c. Longmans.

EDITED by Mr. Bolton Corney, whose patience and ability in literary research are always productive of accurate information, and the correction of past errors, which have become current as truths,* this edition of Goldsmith is a "palpable hit," a volume at once valuable for its literature, and delightful for its illustrations. These have been contributed by the following members of the Etching Club: C. W. Cooke, T. Creswick, J. C. Horsley, R. Redgrave, and F. Taylor; and we are free to say, that we have seen nothing of the kind that could surpass them for merit in the treatment and excellence in the execution. We do not think the art of wood-engraving can be carried beyond the beauty of the majority of these cuts. The head-piece to "the Traveller" and the other embellishments of this poem, at pages 15, 17, 19, 21, 24, 27, 31, and 34, are replete with simplicity, sweetness, grace, character, and spirit, as they are severally addressed to the human figure, to landscape, and to the circumstances or events described in the text. The "Deserted Village" is embellished in the same exquisite manner, and perhaps, from the nature of the subjects, even more delightfully. "Sweet Auburn" is sweetness itself—the spurning of imploring famine from the gate, a forcible contrast—the death-bed, most truthful and touching—the Schoolmaster, "a man severe" whom "every truant knew," a masterpiece—the roadside inn worthy of Gainsborough, and all the rest hardly inferior. But we need not travel through with particulars; a few glances on turning over the leaves of this every way admirably got-up volume will prove more on its behalf than we could express in many columns, and we may therefore safely leave it to the eyes of the public. But we cannot pass by Mrs. Mary Blaize (p. 87) without a compliment to her perfections; nor the Belle and her lovers (p. 121), without applauding these lights of other days, so full of coquetry and affection; nor the superb dog-group (p. 144), which Edwin Landseer might have painted (by the by, the Haunch of Venison, p. 182, is rather piggyish); nor the interesting portraiture (p. 196); nor the sharp vivacity and costume (p. 227); nor the final tail-piece, though it seems to anticipate the Stag which has of late become so prominent a figure in our railway and ironical literature.

Altogether, this is an edition of Goldsmith for every place and for ever.

France Illustrated. By Thomas Allom, Esq. Descriptions by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A. 4to. Divisions 1, 2, and 3. London and Paris, Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE Caxton press, with all its capabilities, has not sent forth a work more profusely embellished than this. It is full of fine illustrations; and when we have looked through a division, we turn again to the cost marked on the cover, and wonder how so many and such excellent engravings can be produced at so small a price. It seems to us as if half a dozen of the subjects were worth much more than the whole charge; and were it only to cut out and frame, we would take the Quai of Louis XVIII. and the Porte de Caillau at Bordeaux, the Cathedral at Bourges, the Pont de Gard and the Amphitheatre at Nîmes, Grenoble, or Avignon (for instance), and hold them very cheap at thrice the amount

* In the present case, however, we may observe that Prior had left little, if any thing, for any future biographer to do.—*Ed. L. G.*

at which we can purchase all these three parts, with their numerous similar plates. The diversity of objects upon which Mr. Allom has exercised his fertile and characteristic pencil gives great interest to the series. Noble architecture and rich interiors, picturesque towns, luxurious saloons, sweet views and grand landscapes, figures in churches or at markets, in the open air or in home circles, are all intermingled as the historical narrative points the way; and we need hardly add, that from Clovis to the present day offers scope enough for exuberant talent. As far as he has gone the artist shews no symptoms of exhaustion; and the letter-press *résumé* of Mr. Wright is a worthy accompaniment, adapted with the popular skill which has made his deserved reputation.

China, its Scenery, Architecture, Social Habits, &c. illustrated. From original and authentic Sketches by Allom. Historical Notices, &c. by the Rev. G. N. Wright. Vol. 4. Fisher, Son, and Co.

CONTINUES this popular publication, and furnishes us in print, and for lasting reference, with all that order of intelligence which is displayed in the Chinese Exhibition, and the detailed particulars of which have been more copiously than ever made known through the press. Our new and extending relations with the Celestial Empire afford a great additional value to a work of this kind.

The Illuminated Calendar and Home Diary for 1846. Copied from the "Hours" of the Duke of Anjou, King of Sicily and Jerusalem. Longmans.

To all who remember, and who that saw can have forgotten? the "Hours" of Anne of Brittany, we need only mention that this *fac-simile* of the Missal of the crusading king of Sicily and Jerusalem is a worthy successor. It is as fanciful, as curious, as brilliant. The ornaments in gold and the brightest colours; flowers, birds, grotesque figures, saints, apostles, buildings, &c. &c., from the first gay page to the last Christmas slaughter of a black hog or boar, are redolent of the arts of the close of the 14th century. In every point of view the volume is a tempting one—superb, and remarkable for its exhibition of the progress of this revived fashion of book-adornment.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The World Surveyed in the XIXth Century; or, Recent Narratives of Scientific and Exploratory Expeditions, &c. Translated and arranged by W. D. Cooley. Vol. I, 8vo, pp. 375. Parrot's Journey to Ararat. London, Longmans.

THIS is the beginning of a laudable and excellent design, which will bring far more fully than heretofore the doings of foreign nations, in the ways of science and discovery, within the knowledge of the British public. The work chosen for the opening of the series was published in 1811, and well received, though the truth of Mr. Parrot's ascent of Ararat was questioned; and certainly has not been distinctly established to this day. We have no means of deciding the fact; but our impression is, that the zealous traveller mounted as high as he could, and fancied the top. Since then, "in the summer of 1840, Armenia was visited by a violent earthquake, which shook Ararat to its foundation. The immense quantities of loose stones, snow, ice, and mud, then precipitated from the great chasm, immediately overwhelmed and destroyed the monastery of St.

James and the village of Arghuri,* and spread destruction far and wide in the plain of the Araxes. Although Ararat is formed of volcanic rocks, yet no allusion to its volcanic activity at any period, no mention of an eruption, is made by any of the native historians, who record, nevertheless, several earthquakes more or less calamitous. Reinegg, the German traveller, alone bears witness to the active fires of Ararat. When seeking to explain the symptoms of igneous action on Caucasus, he says:—"Some distant southern volcanoes, or Ararat itself (the terrible gorge of which, distant from Caucasus in a straight line 150 miles, one can hardly look at without shuddering, and which, on the 13th of January and the 22d of February, 1783, began again to throw out smoke and fire), must have burnt the top of Caucasus, and thrown upon it those mineral ashes."† The fact thus related is denied by Sir R. K. Porter,‡ who concluded, that because the monks at Echmaidzin, in 1817, had no knowledge of an eruption of Ararat in 1783, no such eruption could have taken place. But it may well be doubted whether an inference of so positive a kind can, under all the circumstances, be fairly drawn from merely negative evidence. Were it once admitted that the volcanic fires of Ararat were rekindled in 1783, then that mountain might be naturally assumed to be the centre whence proceeded the violent commotions which have recently afflicted Armenia. The earthquake of the 20th of June, 1840, was first felt in the vicinity of Ararat, about forty-five minutes past six o'clock in the evening, and continued with alternating shocks and undulatory motion of the earth for two minutes. The monastery of St. James and the village of Arghuri, with the summer-residence of the sardar, were all buried in the ruins from the mountain. The astreams of mud and melted snow, poured down from the great chasm, covered the fields and gardens to the distance of seven miles. The first four shocks, which were the most violent, and were accompanied with a low subterranean noise, seemed to proceed from Ararat in an east-north-east direction, and left on their way traces of terrible violence, particularly in the circles of Erivan and Nakhichevan. About seven o'clock the same evening above 3000 houses were thrown down in the district of Sharur, on the Araxes, east of Ararat. About the same time the shock was felt at Shusha, in the province of Karabagh, and further off, towards the north-east. There the convulsion seemed to last a minute, and much damage was done. Towards the south-east, down the valley of the Araxes, shocks were felt as far as the province of Talysh, on the shores of the Caspian Sea. North-

* "The name of this ancient village, the church of which was founded in the latter half of the seventh century, is, according to M. Brosset (Bulletin Scientifique de St. Petersburg, tom. viii. 41), correctly written Acorhi or Acoruhi. He rejects, of course, its supposed derivation from the words *Arc ourhi*, 'he (Noah) planted the vine.'"

† "Description of Caucasus" (in German), St. Petersburg, 1796, vol. i. p. 28.—Reinegg is treated contemptuously by Carl Ritter (Erdkunde, vol. vii. p. 567), who completely perverts the traveller's statement, taking it perhaps at second-hand; for Reinegg nowhere says that he saw the eruption of Ararat from a distance of 150 miles. But the following note of Schröder, who edited Reinegg's MSS., on the passage given above, is more deserving of attention:—"Should the magnificent collection of paintings of Prince Potemkin or of Count Stroganoff be ever opened to the public, no one will then be astonished at seeing smoke and fire issuing from Ararat. In this state Reinegg, and also the engineer and artist who were travelling with him, saw it for three days long. As there was no tradition or historical record of a volcano on Ararat, the country around was filled with terror."

‡ "Travels in Georgia, Persia, &c., vol. i. p. 185."

wards, and beyond the valley of the Araxes, at Gumri and Tiflis, the earthquake was about the same time perceptible, but not destructive. It was in the valley of the Araxes, near Karasu, or Blackwater, and at the mouth of the Arpa-chai, that the violence of the earthquake was most severely felt. The banks of the Araxes gaped in cracks 10 or 12 feet wide, parallel to the course of the river, and to the distance of a quarter of a mile from it. These fissures threw out water, with great quantities of sand, to the height, in some cases, of 5 feet. The bed of the Araxes was in some places left quite dry; in others, the collected waters were kept in continual agitation, as if they boiled. This terrible convulsion was felt also south of Ararat: in Maku and Bayazed many buildings were thrown down, and shocks reached even Tabreez, east of the lake of Van. But the chief sufferers were the inhabitants of Armenia. Of the population of Arghuri, estimated at a thousand souls, not one escaped. In the town of Nakhichevan nearly 800 houses and other buildings were destroyed. Erivan suffered in like manner; and throughout the villages the habitations laid in ruins amounted to between 6000 and 7000. Had not the earthquake taken place at the hour when the Easterns generally quit the shelter of their roofs to enjoy the freshness of the open air, its effects would have been much more fatal; but it does not appear that above fifty people (exclusive of those who perished on Ararat) lost their lives on the occasion, buried in the ruins of their dwellings. Shocks were felt daily in the villages near Ararat till the 26th June, each continuing about two or three minutes. It was on the 24th that the great fall of Ararat, as it has been called, took place. At the commencement of the earthquake the monastery of St. James and the village of Arghuri were at once buried beneath the rocks, ice, and torrent of mud, which fell from the great chasm above. But as the ice and snow precipitated from the summit gradually melted, the whole mass lost its stability, and, about nine o'clock in the morning of the 24th, it began to move with an extraordinary rapidity down the mountain towards the Karasu, so that in an incredibly short time this stream of rocks and mud spread to a distance of 12 or 14 miles in the valley of the Araxes. The débris of the trachyte, imbibing water, formed a blue mud, which poured down in a stream 80 or 100 feet deep in some places, and 7 miles wide. About the 5th July it ceased to flow, and soon afterwards dried completely. The result of this fall has been a vast increase in the size of the great chasm, from which the accumulations of rocks and ice made during ages have been swept away. The snowy summit of Ararat has sunk considerably; but has not fallen in, as was reported. The white, yellow, and vitreous feldspaths, with crystals and pyrites, which seem to form the heart of the mountain, are now fully exposed to view on the upper walls of the great chasm. Of the monastery of St. James not a vestige remains. The meadows round it, where thirty families of Kurds encamped there at the time of the earthquake perished, are now covered deeply with the deposit of mud. At Arghuri some of the dwellings have been cleared by the Kurds seeking for treasures. They are found to be completely filled with mud and rubbish; and, from the condition of their side walls compared with that of their roofs, it may be concluded that they were overwhelmed and crushed from above."

To come from the mountain to the men, we

cannot commend too highly the encouragement given by the Russian government to the outfit of Mr. Parrot's expedition, nor to his own zeal, nor to the helps he received from many of his fellow-labourers in the field of science. Thus cheered, their onward course was pleasant, even among the nomadic Kalmucks; of whom we read:

"In the centre of the floor is a place where the fire is made, which affords light and warmth to the entire apartment; here, too, the cooking is carried on, and their brandy distilled. This last is an extraordinary preparation, a kind of animal spirit distilled from fermented milk, their usual beverage, in a copper vessel provided with a head and worm, from whence it is drawn for daily consumption. This liquor they call *arraca*; and when rendered purer and stronger by a second distillation, it becomes *dan*, which is a pungent, clear spirit, with a disagreeable empyreumatic flavour of the milk. Even the residuum of this distillation is carefully preserved and mixed with flour, so as to form a sort of hasty-pudding, to which they give the name of *budan*. Besides this, they indulge themselves in the use of butter, which they call *kaimak*, fermented mares' milk, *chigan*, a refreshing drink in summer, and curdled milk of a very disgusting taste, and termed *aamdin*, which is dried in the sun upon felt-cloths, and stored up as an important article of food for the winter. However small the relish that a European palate can have for such fare as this, the Kalmuk tea is still less inviting. This is brought from the northern provinces of China, in hard flat cakes of about an inch in thickness, and consists either of the old and tough leaves of the tea-tree, or possibly of those of very different shrubs, though it always has, when drunk alone, something of the appearance and flavour of genuine tea. A portion of this, as may be required, is cut off and dissolved in boiling water, to which some butter, fat, and salt, are added; and after removing the soft mass of leaves, the infusion is drunk as a sort of soup, either with or without milk, in respect to which they are totally indifferent whether it be fresh or sour, as their custom is to keep it in very filthy wooden dishes or pails in their close and smoky kibitkas, to be used by all the members of the family when and how they will. If to these articles of diet we add the flesh of their cattle, especially the sheep, which they eat boiled, roasted, and baked, we shall obtain a tolerably fair idea of the requisites of a Kalmuk larder. At the same time, it cannot but appear surprising that a race so primitive and inoffensive should confine themselves exclusively to an animal diet; for even the very flour necessary for household consumption is only to be procured, in exceedingly small quantities, by a disadvantageous barter with the Russians. The Kalmuks make no use whatever of vegetables, the herbs of the steppe, or fruits; probably because their production in sufficient abundance might impose upon them the necessity of attending to the cultivation of the soil; and this, were it only for a single season, might interfere with the independence of their roving life. Their only concern is their flocks and herds, which they find adequate to the supply of all their wants. Of the hair or fleeces they make cushions, felt-cloth, ropes, and lines; the skins they convert into articles of dress, or use as coverlets; while the leather, which is rudely dressed with fermented milk and lime, serves them under a variety of forms, in the construction of their kibitkas, harness for their cattle, and in the formation of cantons of every size, called *berbu*, made of leather

pressed. The milk supplies them with brandy and materials for tanning, the flesh with food, and the dung even furnishes them with fuel. It is also by means of his flocks and herds that the Kalmuk contrives to provide himself with linen cloth, cotton stuffs, salt, and meal, which he gets in exchange for camels (of the two-humped species) and horses, reared by him in considerable numbers, and which are of a light, swift, and hardy breed. The cattle being left to graze upon the steppe in summer, and to find their living where and how they can in the winter, the life of the Kalmuk is inactive. The migration from the winter to the summer pastures constitutes the only important event in his monotonous existence. This want of all social excitements for the mind, this uniformity in his intellectual and physical life, renders it in a great degree comprehensible how a people endowed with so many estimable qualities of mind and body should become the votaries of the idle and fantastic religious dogmas which prevail, at least among the hordes occupying this quarter of the steppe. These Kalmuks profess the religion of Buddah, which had its origin in India; but having been superseded by the doctrines of the Brahmins, found its way into Mongolia and Tibet. It is a sort of pantheism, not at all easy to comprehend: rejecting the principle of one Almighty Being, the creator of heaven and earth, it nevertheless asserts the essential identity of God with the material world, neither placed above it nor existing before it, but proceeding with it out of immeasurable space. Among all animated beings, of which there are good and bad, there is, according to this creed, a consecutive subordination of rank, the several gradations of which must be passed by each, in long intervals of time. The highest place is that of Buddah, by whom, however, we are not to understand any individual impersonation of God, but merely the attributes of the Divine nature, which it is the destiny of every being to attain, according to the measure of his good works. This metempsychosis is to be conceived as an existence in the 'tranquil ocean of illimitable space,' on the shores of which the Buddah can alone find rest; but the attainment of this goal, by works of charity, is the result of the revelation, or kind of redemption, which all beings enjoy once in a thousand years, through the perfection of a Buddah, who is the ruler and benefactor of the world during the period assigned for his reign. We should be much mistaken, however, if we were to suppose that these or any other settled notions of religion would be found universally prevailing among the hordes in the steppe of the Manech. Respecting the fundamental tenet of all religion,—the belief in the existence of a Divine Being,—the ideas of the generality of them would be found contradictory and unsettled. We might even detect here and there some obscure traces of intermixture with the doctrines of the Christian faith; as, for instance, the idea of the god Sengir, of whom I heard it said, by some of the Kalmuks of the Manech, that he was the highest of all, and born of the right side of the mother of God; a persuasion which was even avowed in my presence by Serbecbab Timeniev at Astrakhan. But how is it possible that the Kalmuks could arrive at any fixed or just notions upon such a subject, when they not only receive no religious instruction, but are without any regular performance of religious worship, even on the sabbath; while on their feast-days, when they are in the habit of attending the house of God, they hear nothing but the repetition of forms of prayer, and the reading of the Scriptures in

a language they cannot understand, and this in conformity with a ritual which would appear to have as little meaning or attraction for the initiated as for the laity? Priests, and places dedicated to the service of religion, are not to be met with in every khatun, as these migratory villages are called; the latter are found scattered here and there under the name of convents. These are readily discovered by the traveller even at a distance, when he remarks, on an open site, in the middle of the khatun, ten or twelve kibitkas larger and neater than the rest, which enclose a circular or oval space, but without a human being at the usual domestic occupations, or any cattle feeding. 'That is a convent,' was an expression that struck me forcibly the first time I heard it in the steppe. Would it not indeed have been a touching sight, amid the open plain and under the vault of heaven, to behold within the enclosure of a few humble hospitable tents a building dedicated to the honour of the Deity, by an inoffensive community, on the spot where the wants of their peaceful flocks demanded their temporary abode, and where they had displayed upon it all the embellishments that the narrow circle within which their own desires were confined permitted them to bestow, could we but persuade ourselves, at the same time, that the worshippers felt the privilege to which they were admitted, in presenting the offering of a true and heartfelt devotion in the temple of their God? Alas, how soon are such ideas dissipated upon our first entrance into the tabernacle! Here, hang a number of distorted representations of their divinities on the walls; there, is reverentially preserved a brazen idol, cast for their principal god, who is generally represented as a female, like many others among them, and often with four or six arms, and similar hideous deformities of shape. In another place lie piled in chests their sacred writings, obtained from Mongolia or Tibet, and which are intelligible, or rather legible, to none but the initiated; that is to say, their high priest or lama, and the officiating minister or gellong. Their religious service too, judging from what I had an opportunity of observing, is in no respect more elevating. The priests seat themselves in the kibitka, with their legs bent under them, and the soles of their feet turned upwards, or, as the Mongolians express it, in sceptre-fashion, so as to be ranged in two lines opposite to each other from the entrance. In this posture they remain as immovable as statues, and chant or sing their prayers on a sort of rosary, interrupted from time to time by the harsh discordant tones of a peculiar kind of brazen cornets, accompanied with the clang of kettle-drums and cymbals, and the deep but clear bass notes of two straight wooden trumpets, six feet long; which latter, however, I only saw introduced in the elegant stone church built at Astrakhan by the Kalmuk chief whom I have already mentioned. As for the laity of even the same khatun only taking a part in the daily worship of their gods, they are effectually precluded from that by the smallness of the kibitka in which it is performed; much less can the inmates of those khatuns which are six or twelve miles distant catch the sound even of the music. They content themselves with the assurance that the lamas and gellongs are offering up the prayers enjoined by their ritual for the welfare of the Kalmuk community. As the constitution of their church teaches no distinction between Sundays and week-days, their prayers are limited to a short formula, which they repeat as a sort of charm or spell upon every important

occurrence, and without any very clear conception of its import."

[These two long extracts, exhibiting Ararat and the Kalmuks, are all we can afford in one of our Nos.: in our next we shall turn to the author's equally interesting account of the Georgians.]

The Diplomats of Europe. From the French of M. Capefigue. Edited by Major-General Monteith, K.L.S. &c. Pp. 372. Nicklison. A CONSIDERABLE portion of this matter has already appeared in periodical publications, but it seems well entitled to be collected and preserved together. Not that we are inclined to pin our faith on M. Capefigue; for we can observe many grave statements which we could of our own knowledge disprove, and sundry assertions that challenge our direct contradiction. But still there is a great deal of curious intelligence in these revelations; and views of importance which deserve to be thrown into the historical scale when we are balancing the conflicting accounts of European events within the present century. The personages sketched are Metternich, Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, Pasquier, Wellington, Duc de Richelieu, Hardenberg, Nesselrode, and Lord Castlereagh—men who acted great parts in these gigantic transactions.

Though we have strong doubts of the authenticity of some of the information hazarded by M. C., there are doubtless many parts of an opposite character; and we observe that Capt. Mitchell quotes him as an authority, in his late memoir of Napoleon, which has excited so powerful a public sensation. There is indeed a concurrence in the sentiments of the French and English author, for the former, in his "Wellington," says:

"In France, opinions do not progress so fast, and people are still full of prejudices concerning the talents and character of this great man. The remains of the Buonaparte faction still affect us, and disfigure history. His power of organisation and his restoration of the elements of society, are not the qualities for which Napoleon's genius is considered especially worthy of admiration, but people want to prove impossibilities, even to the detriment of his fame; and the Duke of Wellington is sacrificed to the resentments inspired by the Battle of Waterloo. We have been distinguished enough on the field of battle, and our country has produced names sufficiently known to fame not to make it necessary for us to sacrifice upon the tomb of Napoleon all the rival reputations which opposed obstacles to his career."

This is not, however, a work that calls upon us for quotation, and we simply copy out another passage to exhibit the manner in which the subjects are treated and translated. Talleyrand is represented as having always entertained a great bias towards England and English ideas. M. C. observes:

"It has been said that Talleyrand retired from office because he did not agree in the opinions of Napoleon regarding the war in Spain. I have deeply studied the question, and I believe this report to be utterly untrue. There is but a slight approximation of dates between his resignation and the treachery of Bayonne; it is this approximation that has been laid hold of to gild the disgrace of the minister. Talleyrand was, in fact, replaced by M. de Champagny a little before the Spanish war, but he took part with the cabinet in all the intrigues which led to the events of Aranjuez. The reunion of the Peninsula in one political system with France agreed well with his historical

ideas upon the family compact, and several letters are still in existence from the Prince of Benevento which confirm his participation in all these events, as well as a curious report to the Emperor, demonstrating the advantages that would accrue from reuniting both crowns in his family, in imitation of the grand political scheme of Louis XIV. The real cause of Talleyrand's disgrace was, the active attempts he made to negotiate peace with England independent of Napoleon. The Emperor did not at all like men who acted upon their own opinion; he liked every thing to originate with himself alone. He got rid of Talleyrand as, in succeeding years, he shook off Fouché, minister of police. * * * A secret opposition was beginning to form against Napoleon, even in the highest ranks, among the heads of the senate, of the government, and of the army. Fearful of yet making itself manifest by any overt act, it only ventured upon apparently trifling remarks and half confidences; but people conspired in their minds, expressions were used, which were repeated as apophthegms and prophecies of society. 'It is the beginning of the end,' said Talleyrand, at the time of the disastrous expedition to Moscow; and this just appreciation had been warmly applauded. What a terrible opposition is that of the *salons* and the gay world! It kills with a lingering death, it upsets the strongest ideas, it destroys the best-laid plans; it would be far better to be compelled to engage in a pitched battle face to face. This opposition was gradually increasing, and the police establishment of General Savary, which tended more to the employment of brute force than the adoption of intelligent precautions, was incapable of restraining it; it was gradually appearing on every side; besides which, the men who placed themselves at the head of the resisting party were of too much consequence for the Emperor to venture to touch them. Talleyrand and Fouché now did whatever they pleased with perfect impunity—they were acting against the Emperor, and he did not dare to shew his displeasure. It has always been supposed that Napoleon, when at the summit of his greatness, might have put down any one; yet, great as he was, there were some men too powerful for him. The day that he had touched Talleyrand or Fouché, all the officers of government would have considered themselves at the mercy of a caprice; Cambacérès, Lebrun, Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, feeling themselves henceforth without any security against a master whom they detested, would, perhaps, have shaken off the yoke. As early as the beginning of the year 1813, Talleyrand had opened a communication with the Bourbons."

Trelawny of Trelawne: or, the Prophecy. A Legend of Cornwall. By Mrs. Bray. Longmans. This forms the seventh volume of the series of Mrs. Bray's novels; and is written in letters, with much simplicity of style, and minute delineations of nature. Like some of De Foe's novels on their first appearance, it was, we believe, by many readers mistaken for a real correspondence—a family series of letters of the Trelawneys, at whose ancient mansion, the writer tells us, she was visiting when the present Lady Trelawny first communicated to her some fragments of the domestic history of her ancestry. Sir Jonathan Trelawny, one of the seven bishops committed to the Tower for withstanding the arbitrary power of James II., was the head of the house of Trelawny at the date of the tale, and plays a conspicuous part in it. Some circumstances connected with the rebel-

lion of Monmouth are also introduced; but the real story is nothing more than this: A nephew of the bishop fell in love with his daughter Letitia, whilst a Mr. Buller of Morval addressed her sister Rebecca. His lordship disapproved of the loves of Harry and Letitia Trelawny; but, according to a tradition in the family, the lovers contrived to carry on a private correspondence, and occasionally to meet by stealth in the laurel-walk at Trelawne. At last the bishop suddenly changed his mind, and married off both Letitia and Rebecca in the chapel of the old mansion in Cornwall. We must not injure the interest of the novel by giving the very beautiful tale of true love which Mrs. Bray has wrought out of these few facts, nor the very charming letters she has written for the lovers. But with this tale is interwoven a second story, which, in our opinion, constitutes the deeper interest of the novel. We refer to that of Dorothy Dingley. Her iniquities, her subsequent madness, her conscience-stricken death-bed, and finally, her spirit haunting the poor boy Samuel in the Higher Broomfield,—these are all excellent; and the scene where the two old crones relate the particulars of Dorothy's life and death belongs to the highest order in its class of ghost-story. For the full account of the extraordinary tradition on which this spectral appearance is founded, we can only refer our readers to Mrs. Bray's general preface. The character of Dr. Ruddell (the Parson Adams of his day) is ably drawn; and Rebecca, with her thousand pretty vanities, and her lively descriptions of a court life, and sight-seeing in London in the times of King James, is altogether capital. Daniel Gumb the old republican enthusiast, the plotting Sir Francis Beaumont, the smuggler's wife Mrs. Hawkins, the highwayman Captain Hind, and the poor spectre-haunted boy Samuel Elliott, are also all so well drawn, that we cannot decide which is the best or most true to nature, though we must admit the most striking picture in the gallery is Dorothy. We ought not to pass in silence the serio-comic tale introduced in the narrative, where Sir Reginald Trelawny is described as visiting the shrine of St. George of Barcelona in the fourteenth century, to consult the wonder-working shield respecting the fortunes of his house—the shield that displays on its surface, in characters of fire, the *prophecy* which gives the second title to the novel. The incidental sketches of the state of the west, and the prevailing manners and sentiments of society at the period, are given with great spirit. The descriptions of Cornwall are new to us, and highly picturesque; and that where the Cornish coast is described, and the vessel, in danger from a storm, drives at length in safety into harbour at Polperro, is really grand, and, as sailors would acknowledge, "ship-shape."

We seemed, as we read, to share in the anxiety of those who viewed the tempest from the shore for the preservation of the vessel. Of this class of interest, also, is the scene where the seven bishops are conveyed to the Tower of London: the whole seems to pass before our eyes, as does the account of the trial in Westminster Hall. The old Cornish customs, such as those attending the burial of the dead, and the marriage-rite, are at once curious and interesting. Throughout the work are to be found many reflective passages of great beauty; and there are several scenes where the sympathy of the reader is powerfully awakened, whilst comic sketches agreeably relieve the more serious portions of the narrative.

We have been noticing so many engravings in this *Gazette*, that we cannot omit drawing

attention here to a young engraver of great promise, Mr. Goodman, whose style of embellishment in this work is worthy of much commendation. The crispness and finish of the vignette to this volume alone afford a fine sample of his burin.

CENTO.

The Beggar's Coin; or, Love in Italy. By J. Rich. Beste, Esq. Pp. 344. Dolman.

The aspects or adjuncts of this little poetical volume are curious. In the first place, there is a map of Italy; and in the next, there is a printed broadside, giving the writer's own account of his production, his opinions, and specimens; which is a new and ready-cut method of saving critics trouble. Thus, for instance, our volunteer guide states:

"*The Argument.*—The 'Beggar's Coin' is a poem of more than six thousand lines: it is divided into six cantos, each of which contains a story or romance, connected with the whole by the author's journey round Italy. He enters that country by the Simplon; passes from thence, through Milan and Verona, to Venice; along the coast of the Adriatic, to Otranto; crosses to Taranto to Posstum; then through Naples, Rome, Florence, and Genoa, back to France. The several tales thus interwoven are illustrative of the past or present state of Italy—moral, religious, and political; and although each has a distinct interest of its own, the same chain of feeling, and the continuous journey of the author, blend them all into one compact whole. Such descriptions of scenery as are given are generally wrought up with the adventures of the several fictitious personages of the tales; but there are no lengthened accounts of the 'lions' of the guide-books—St. Peter's is not even mentioned in the canto that treats of Rome."

And farther on:

"A curious fancy seems to have originated the title of the poem. As the author was leaving Naples, a blind beggar requested him to change a Piedmontese coin, which was worthless at Naples, but would go further north. He did so—"

And often from my pocket's deepest nook
I've drawn it forth and offered it: alas!
Each puzzled post-boy his wise noddle shook:
None could the waiting read, though bright and fair—
His monarch's stamp of dullness was not there.

So happily may it prove with this good poem, &c."

"The author arrives at Venice, and observes, in the pit of the opera, a gentleman whose history forms the subject of this canto. We are told that the incidents did really occur. Here is a Venetian hunting-song:

How sweet to ride, at early morn,
O'er hill and wooded glen!
How sweet to hear the brazen horn
Wake up our merry men!
See they gather—see they meet:
E'en the very earth smells sweet!
See the curling dews uprise
Like a morning sacrifice,
Steaming up to bless the skies!"

"Here are two stanzas on the marble mountains of Carrara:

A mountain formed by nature to supply
The artists of the world. Oh, ponder o'er
The unwrought forms of beauty that may lie
Emprisoned here! Such prison held of yore
Those forms all nations throng to copy,—rife
With more than human grace—scarce less of life."

Now, if our bard had been aware of the true *Hippocrène* (as any one addicted to the Muses should have been), he would have written, not "A mountain," &c., but

A fountain formed by nature to supply
The thirsty of the world;

and have sung of the Carrara waters, which are at this time working their way to a celebrity ruinous to the long-established popularity of Soda-water.*

* This new beverage is rapidly obtaining a high reputation for its brisk effervescence and salubrious effects. The *Lancet*, the *Chemist*, and other medical and scientific periodicals, speak highly of its virtues; and the testimonials of professional men are also strong in its favour. Our readers (especially out of London) will probably ask, what is it? It is a lime-water, in curiously-shaped bottles, and to be drunk like soda-water; being refreshing at table, as well as possessing antacid qualities, which have much power

But we proceed with a little more of the judicious, impartial, and candid criticism bestowed upon himself by Mr. Bate:

"The story in this canto is too intricate to be described in few words. It relates the manner of the final destruction of Cumæ in the twelfth century, and is necessarily bound up with much historical and classical feeling. The following stanza, however, does not shew much love for the system of classical education."

And in conclusion (*i. e.* of the attendant broadside remarks), after another quotation:

"The whole character of the poem is, like this, cheerful and thankful. The following concludes the work; and, as we gather from the date, was written in England during the cold of last January:
 Farewell—farewell to orange, myrtle, vine,
 To olive, island, aloe, mountain, seas!
 And, oh, farewell to suns that ever shine,
 As if 'twas in their nature—done with ease,
 While thine, my country!—Oh, what fires are thine!
 Brave coals that shine and burn whenever I please!
 Farewell, farewell, bright land of slavery.
 Thank God!"

Why he should thank God, as Byron says, "is no great matter;" but surely we have reason to be thankful for an author who not only writes but reviews (and in print too) his own compositions. We have heard people comparing matters, and calling one critic *better* than another; but who ever heard of a critic *BETTER* than BESTE!!

The World's Slippery Turns; or, Mind how you Wed! A Play, in Three Acts. By John Whitted. Saunders and Otley.

THE second title would have been more germane to the purpose had it run, "Take care how you *take care* of your marriage-certificates;" for the gist of the story lies in the destruction of such a document, the hint being found in a paper by Steele in the *Spectator*, March 1811-12. By adding other characters, and inventing other circumstances, the author has endeavoured to dramatise the rather meagre subject,—and, at any rate, to produce an entirely English play without any foreign admixture. We cannot say that there is much force in the attempt, and the dialogue does not flow easily and naturally. In short, we fear the writer's hopes must end in another instance of the world's slippery turns.

Love's Legends; and other Poems. By Archer Gurney. Pp. 128. London, C. Mitchell.

How these verses gallop:

"All is tumult—the sword and the scymetar clash;
 Here 'St. Denis,' there 'Allah's' the cry:
 The steeds in their ire o'er the trampled slain dash,
 And the trumpets like thunder-peals furiously flash—
 This day must earth's noblest knights die!
 In fruitless assault do the Christians' spears flash,
 Alas! the foes' triumph is nigh."

Only think of trumpets flashing furiously, and like thunder-peals! It is sad work; here is more of it:

"Shield 'gainst shield have they bent. In their fierce work of woe
 Their swords gleam like torch-brands erst fired.

'Neath the terrible strain burst their shields like to glass;

Now shieldless, unguarded they strive:
 And now 'neath the foe's keen falchion, alas,
 Adhemar's is shivered!—'Oh, Hope! must thou pass?
 Must the rack that maid's tender limbs rice?
 No, never!' he thought. Like some cavernous mass
 His foe did he press 'neath Hate's gyre."

Behold! young Adhemar now kneels on his breast:
 'Quick, traitor! thy falsehoods reveal!

in correcting the digestion and preventing heartburn, sick-headache, and other painful inconveniences which arise from a disordered stomach. The manufacture is from Carrara marble (whence the name), the purest of lime, which, being submitted to the action of carbonic acid gas, under heavy pressure, undergoes two chemical processes, or combinations, becomes a bicarbonate, and results in this light, bright, and agreeable fluid. Mr. Maugham is the inventor; and we can only say, from limited trial, that we have found it most agreeable and beneficial.—*Ed. L. G.*

Speak, speak!—or thy blade, in its terrible quest,
 For its own master's soul to thy heart shall be pressed,
 And send thee where none can conceal!
 Speak, quickly!—to satiate thy passion's fierce zest,
 You maid's sire thou smot'st with the steel?"

Was the tale false as hell which thou told'st of the page?

Of her love by her father accurst?—

Speak quickly, or perish!—with generous rage
 Now quivered the voice of Adhemar, stern gaze
 That silence will hasten the worst."

We know not what the worst can be, but we wonder at publications of this sort.

The Palace of Fantasy; or, the Bard's Imagery: with other Poems. By J. S. Hardy, author of "Hours of Thought;" &c. Pp. 177. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE author acknowledges the civility of the critical press towards his former publication, and again appeals to its favour. In the principal poem, however, we regret to say there is a want of object and distinctness, which must operate much against its success in these unpopular days for poetry and poetic imagery. But there are still stronger objections to liberties taken with composition, which could at no period be allowable. Thus:

"And nature smiled her glories to unfold;
 The warbling choir at heaven's gate did sing;
 The air, with teeming life rejoicing, told
 Of insects' jubilee, and their offering,
 That bask in sunny ray, or spread the burnish'd wing."

"And some illustrious darling sons of fame
 Have in review passed glorious in our sight,
 And left behind them an enduring name,
 Whose works refresh our spirits, and invite,
 Endless as flowers that drink ambrosial light,
 A flame that sheds a never quenched ray;
 So shines Hesperus, sparkling through the night;
 Or Lucifer, that ushers in the day:
 Such in their hemisphere 'Learning' and 'Mind' display."

We need cite no more "in addition to this glut of confused metaphors, images, and quantities."

THOMPSON'S NOTEBOOK OF A NATURALIST.

[Second notice.]

THE "Miscellanea," to which we alluded last week, is a charming division of this book, occupying the last fifty pages. From this entertaining collection we copy about a dozen of the most remarkable anecdotes, and with them commit the volume to the favour it so eminently deserves.

"I was much amused once in Belgium at a curious contrivance adopted by a shepherd to extricate himself from a dilemma, and at the readiness with which his sheep obeyed his intentions. Preceding his flock, he was moving to a fresh pasture, when his progress was stopped by a large cornfield through which there was only a narrow footpath. His knowledge of the habits of his charge made him thoroughly aware of the destruction they would commit if left to follow him at their leisure; so, after a few moments' reflection, he started off at the top of his speed, the whole flock pursuing him at a gallop, and almost in single file, without doing the slightest damage."

"I have never been able to account for the following singular fact:—If a cock be taken up by the body and whirled round two or three times in the air and then be laid on its side on a pavement with its neck outstretched, and a line be drawn straight from its bill with a bit of chalk, it will lie motionless and as dead for a considerable time, if undisturbed."

"I was strolling, on one of our calmest days, on the pier at Herne Bay, watching some porpoises which were extremely active in the vicinity of the shore, not rolling over as they are often seen at sea, but darting with impetuosity and prodigious swiftness in various directions

after a shoal of fish which was within shore of them. One of a very large size dashed at last into the midst of the shoal, some of which leaped into the air while others were driven on shore, and grounded himself fairly on the beach. He lay for a few moments perfectly still, and I looked anxiously round for a rope and assistance to secure him; but by an apparently powerful effort he bent his tail forward and gave a violent spring backwards, which brought him into deeper water and enabled him to get free. In the herring-season the gannet follows the shoals of that fish from the North Sea into the Channel, where they are not otherwise common visitors. Their voracity and daring are very great; but I never knew a greater instance than happened with the specimen in my collection. A fisherman in his little punt was fishing for whittings at a couple of miles from the shore, and was hauling over the side of the boat a fish he had just caught, when a gannet sweeping by him gorged the fish and continued his flight, drawing the line after him from the astonished fisherman. He, however, recovering his presence of mind, held on by the remainder of the line which was left to him, and began to haul the bird to him, and, after considerable trouble, he succeeded in capturing it. He described the scene to me, and said that the bird offered so much resistance that he was forced to play it till he tired it."

"Memory and Revenge.—A striking instance in proof of the existence of these faculties in animals occurred some time since at the seat of a noble lord in Surrey. In the park are two large pieces of water, divided by a small isthmus, which widens considerably at one extremity, and at the time in question a pair of swans were the occupants. A doe and her fawn, belonging to a herd of deer in the park, coming down to one of the pieces of water to drink, were immediately set upon by the swans; and the fawn, by their joint efforts, was got into deep water and drowned. After a considerable interval of time, when the swans were one day on the wide part of the isthmus, and thus separated from their element, and at a disadvantage, a rush was made upon them by a number of the deer, which trod under foot and utterly destroyed one of them. The bereaved doe must have had some means of communicating her loss to the other deer, and of urging them to help her in her revenge; and the most remarkable part of the transaction is, that the deer must have had a kind of consciousness of the fitness of the moment, when the swans were to a great extent defenceless, or at least deprived of their greatest advantages, and had no means of effecting their retreat to the water."

"Salmon are caught in very considerable quantities in the Neva by seines, which are worked without intermission from the earliest hour in the morning till late at evening, and there are three considerable establishments alone in the most crowded part of the river, in the centre, as it were, of the city. Three seines are in operation at the same time. While one is being landed, a second is being hauled home, and a third is being shot. The rapidity of the current renders this economy of time easy; for, as it is necessary to row high up the stream to shoot the seines, they each follow in a regular succession as they float down; and the tackle being made fast to the respective capsterns, they are hauled in without the slightest confusion or entanglement. There is a curious custom observed at these fisheries. An elevated platform, or look-out house, commanding the spot, is built for the accommodation of spectators, who speculate on and purchase the chance

of the haul, the price varying from three to ten shillings, according to the state of the weather and abundance of fish. By this rule the purchaser is entitled to all that comes up; and on one occasion a singular and unpleasant adventure arose from the practice. A dead body was dragged up, and the fisherman insisted on the party who had bought the haul becoming responsible for it, or, in other words, that the explanation of the matter to the police, and the internment, should devolve on him, as the contents of the net by purchase belonged to him. This doctrine not being palatable to him, he fairly took to his heels, and a hue and cry was made after him, but unsuccessfully; and thus the obligation remained with the fishermen. A similar circumstance, but without purchase, occurred at another spot. A dead body was fished up, but no person entitled to interfere being present, it was taken lower down the stream and again committed to the water; but by some under eddy it again worked up the current, and was again hauled in, to the consternation of the fishermen, whose superstition was so thoroughly awakened that they resolutely refused to fish any more that day. Smelts—the real cucumber smelts—are in such immense abundance in the Neva in the month of May, that they are caught by thousands in the seines, and the air for some distance around is impregnated with the smell peculiar to them. I have seen them in such vast quantities in the nets, that the fishermen were compelled to ladle them out with perse-nets before they could land the seine; and, strange as it is, the fish are hardly saleable, owing to a superstitious idea entertained by the Russians, that they feed at that season on some aquatic herb, which causes the agree to those who eat them.

“There can be no new argument necessary to prove the insensibility of fish to pain. I was fishing one day at sep, in a small boat, with some friends, when one of them pulled up a large whiting, which suddenly broke away, carrying his only hook and a portion of the line with it. Almost instantaneously I had a bite, and hauled in the very same fish with the former hook in its jaw; and thus, singularly enough, enabled the other party to proceed with his sport. The escape and subsequent capture did not occupy more than a few seconds of time.”

“As a lad in Germany, I and some of my companions hit upon a singular and novel plan of fishing. The Nieda, a small stream tributary to the Maine, and taking its rise in the Tannus mountains, generally overflows the country to a vast extent after the heavy autumnal rains. The rapid succession of frost quickly changes these inundations into a most glorious expanse of pure, green, and transparent ice. We became soon aware of the large quantities of fish moving beneath the surface; and as the water was not deep, the stubble of the autumn crops and long grass offered occasional resistance to their speed. Provided with a little hatchet and an iron-shod stick, we fairly skated them down, when a hole cut through the ice with the hatchet, and a blow on the head with the stick, would put us in possession of our prey. We could catch thus many pounds weight of pike in a day.”

“Since the repeal of the game-laws, and the now legal sale of game, poaching, to say nothing of the clandestine dealings carried on by game-keepers, has much increased. The facility with which a sale can be effected, and the difficulty of detection, embolden the poacher, and he is less careful in avoiding suspicion, and affects no scruples in displaying the tricks and cunning of his craft. I am fond of coursing; and al-

though there are many hares in that district of Surrey in which I reside, yet we are so infested with poachers, that there would soon be a scarcity; and I have therefore made terms with these men to give them a fee whenever they can shew me a hare sitting. The price is too tempting for them, as they could not sell the poached animal for so large a sum, and they therefore invariably give me due notice; and, besides, as love of sport is the foundation of poaching, they are much gratified at being present at the course. On one occasion, after a run, they found a very young leveret in its form, which one of them seized, to make use of as a means of catching the old hare. By pinching the young animal sharply in the throat, he succeeded in making it utter the most piercing cries, such as would occur were it attacked by a weasel. The old one came up from its concealment, and would doubtless have afforded a capital run had I permitted it. How much knowledge of nature there was in this manœuvre, and how closely the habits of the animal must have been watched, thus to overcome its natural timidity! By attending closely to the characters of animals, many singular traits are brought to light, and many remarkable proofs of instinct discovered. A friend of mine has always contended that a pig is a sagacious beast, and he instances it by the following fact. He describes himself as having been lost in a very extensive park, the undulating and wooded character of which prevented him from catching any glimpse of the house, or of any point of exit; and after riding about till he became even more bewildered, he at last disturbed a pig in a heap of fern. That it was turned out to feed on the acorns and beech-nuts, then thick on the ground, was evident; and it struck him that by riding at it, it would run homewards for protection. It galloped off in a straight line, and, after the run of a mile, brought him to one of the keeper's lodges, which was hidden by trees and ivy.

“Among the various animals which I have amused myself by keeping, I had at one time two monkeys—one Asiatic, and the other African. Their affection for each other was unbounded, and they were constantly hugging and embracing each other. They were extremely fond of wine, and the sight of a wine-glass drove them frantic with delight. A stupid servant gave one of them a whole glass of brandy, which completely intoxicated it, and brought on apoplexy, of which it died. During its illness the attentions of its companion were most affecting. As if knowing the seat of pain, it sat holding the forehead with its hand, and attempting to induce it to eat; and when at length it died, it held the body so powerfully that it required force to part it. It never recovered itself, but fairly pined away.”

“The climate of the north of Russia is too cold for asses. Hardened, neglected, brutally kept, and often more brutally worked, and picking up a precarious subsistence by roadsides, as we too frequently see them, what a contrast does it present to find a beast carefully housed from the cold, and kept as a rare animal! and then to turn to the starved and bumble victim of the tyranny of every black-guard urchin. Considering the value of this animal to the poorer classes in this country, it would surely be worth the attention of philanthropists, and the promoters of usefulness and improvement among our agricultural labourers, to encourage an amelioration in the breed. The constant and rapid communication with Egypt would render such a measure most easy of execution.”

The Nature and Treatment of Gout. By William Henry Robertson, M.D., Physician to the Buxton Bath Charity. 8vo, pp. 372. London, Churchill.

We remember two gentlemen who were carrying on a scientific warfare, from one of whom, on inquiring the progress of the discussion, “Oh,” was the answer, “I have not seen Mr. C.’s last rejoinder; but he must be in the wrong, for it is twice as long as mine.” So, if we are to judge by the magnitude of this new work upon gout, either the subject must be wrapped in a deal of mystery, the malady itself be of a very complicated character, or its treatment any thing but simple and easily defined. If we look into Copland’s *Dictionary*, we find it stated that gout is one of the diseases the nature and treatment of which were known to the ancients; yet is it found necessary, in 1845, to explain over again, in a volume of nearly four hundred pages, what was familiar to Galen and Hippocrates. The fact is, that attempts at distinguishing its various manifestations, locally and constitutionally, and with relation to the numerous disorders arising in the gouty diathesis, have induced modern writers to make so many divisions of it, and to arrange its forms and states so differently, that great books spring as naturally out of the subject as great mushrooms do from a well-manured hotbed. Dr. Robertson’s account of the remote causes and predisposing cause of gout is sufficient, by its perusal, to induce an acute paroxysm from excited apprehensions. Every sex, every time, every state and condition of life, every habit of body and mind, every kind of food, is predisposing to gout. This naturally involves many contradictory propositions. It is peculiarly a disease of the rich, but is also quite as frequent with the poor. It is a punishment of intemperance, but quite as commonly afflicts the most temperate. It is peculiarly induced by idleness, but also a not uncommon result of exertion. We think we never read any thing so unconsoling as the following sentence:

“The higher the rank, the more pure* and noble the blood, the greater the powers of mind and the more those powers are used, the nearer the man is to the time of life when the intellect is the most vigorous, the more liable he is to become the victim of this disease.”

It is impossible to grant a ready belief to dogmas thus enunciated. The very fact of purity of blood is a contradiction in itself. It cannot be that powers of mind are predisposing to gout—it must be the debility produced by their abuse; and that the time man is most liable to the malady—at that time of life when his intellect is the most vigorous—ought also to be considered in relation to the probable excessive use he is making at that time of his intellect, and not to the mere fact of his possessing a powerful intellect, which has no more relation to gout than his having a powerful digestion has to a gastritis induced by gluttony. It was the excess of food that induced the disease, not the powerful digestion. And so an abuse of the mental powers, or of cerebration, most assuredly entails disease, but not the powers themselves.

As it is with the consideration of the predisposing causes of gout—by which the mind gains nothing unless trained to habits of close logical investigation, as well as mere professional lore—so it is with the treatment. It embraces almost the whole of the materia me-

* At page 209, the doctor says that gout is a disease in which a part of the alimentary matters is not converted into healthy blood.

dica. It is a learned exposition of Lucian's *Τραγικοδίαγος*, or "Cure for Gout."

"Terunt plantagine. et apia
Et folia lactucarum et sylvestrem portulacum.
Alii manubium; alii potamogetonem;
Alii urticas terunt; alii symphytum;
Alii pastinacam coctam; alii folia persicorum,
Hyoscyamum, papaver, cepas agrestes, mali punci
cortices,
Psyllium, thus, radicem elebori, nitrum,

Stercora montana capra, humanum oletum,
Farinas fabarum, florem asii lapidis;
Cogunt rubetas, mares-araneos, lacertas, feles,
Ranas, hyenas, tragelaphos, vulpeculas." &c. &c.

It is as impossible to give an idea of the treatment of gout in Lucian's days as it is in modern times; we must therefore pass over Dr. Robertson's learned and comprehensive book to the profession, advertising it, as what it undoubtedly is, for one of the most complete medical monographs extant.

An Essay on the Use of Narcotics, and other Remedial Agents calculated to produce Sleep, in the Treatment of Insanity; for which the Author obtained the Lord Chancellor's Prize in Ireland, awarded by the President and Fellows of King and Queen's College of Physicians. By Joseph Williams, M.D. 8vo, pp. 120.

THIS work recommends itself with powerful claims to the attention of that profession for which it is more particularly intended. The importance of the subject cannot, indeed, be over-estimated: to induce sleep in every stage of insanity is most desirable; to procure it in incipient cases is often to effect a cure, many cases of insanity being entirely prevented by procuring sound and refreshing sleep. The method so amusingly expounded by Dr. Binns, of procuring sleep, is not applicable in such cases; they require the utmost vigilance and the most delicate sense of self-perception on the part of the physician, to whom Dr. Williams has furnished a suggestive guide-book and a valuable practical manual.

Questions illustrating the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, &c. By Rev. E. Bickerteth, M.A. Pp. 169. Rivingtons.

IN these backsliding days, a thorough orthodox Church-of-England publication. The Articles are given in Latin as well as English, and the questions upon them illustrated by a multitude of scholarly and learned notes.

English Churchwomen of the Seventeenth Century. 12mo, pp. 362. Derby, H. Mozley and Sons. THROUGH the means of biographical sketches of what the author has been able to gather respecting the Viscountess Falkland, the Countess of Carbery, the Countess of Sunderland, Mrs. Basire, Lady Capel, Anna Lady Halket, and other exemplary ladies of rank in this century, proof is afforded, that deep religious principles and feelings were not confined to the puritanical portions of the community, but largely shared by such as the above named belonging to the English Church. That they were most devout, some of them even to extreme austerity, appears from these pages; which also exhibit many curious traits of the times to which they refer.

The Supplement to the Penny Cyclopædia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. C. Knight and Co.

FROM Abati to Gyrosteus, i. e. from a painter, one of the earliest of the sixteenth century, to a Saroid fossil-fish recently discovered, and named by Agassiz; this supplement carefully fills up matters overlooked in the original work, and supplies recent information which, in these railroad-times, has arisen since it was published.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ELECTRICITY, MAGNETISM, AND LIGHT.

FARADAY'S announcement to the members of the Royal Institution, on Tuesday last, that he had experimentally proved the direct relation of electricity and magnetism to light, will be received with enthusiasm by the whole world of science; and there is no one the least acquainted with physics who will not rejoice at Faraday's success. All his compeers, even those who have conceived the similar idea, and have been working to the same end, however momentarily envious, will be glad that the prize has been won by him; for Faraday has gained an exalted place in human greatness,—universal admiration for the Philosopher being only equalled by general esteem and regard for the Man. The experiments that have led to this great result will be forthwith submitted to the Royal Society and to the public at perhaps the first weekly evening meeting of the institution. The result itself is, as stated above, experimental proof of the direct relation of electricity and magnetism to light, by the magnetisation of light, which, in the absence of details, may be explained to be, the deflection in diaphanous solid or liquid bodies of a ray of polarised light to the lines of the magnetic force; or in the converse, the illumination or development by light of the magnetic curves. The result also involves a new magnetic condition of matter. This, then, to our memory at the moment of writing, is the fourth grand epochal discovery by Faraday, than whom no living philosopher has more enriched physical science; the other three are magneto-electricity, definite electrolysis, and the liquefaction of gases.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 5th.—Mr. Hutton, V.P., in the chair. The following communications were read: 1. Dr. Black "On footmarks in a slab of the new red sandstone." These footmarks, it appeared, from the description given by the author, were chiefly those of small tortoises and turtles, heavy in proportion to their size; and also, perhaps, of small lacertians and alligators. They were accompanied by marks of contraction from drying, of a very complicated nature. 2. Rev. D. Williams "On the granite of Lundy Island and Hestercombe." The author believed that this granite, or rather syenite, was injected, and of the nature of a dyke, in both cases. 3. Mr. Davis "On the geology of the neighbourhood of Tremadoc." This paper was mainly an account of certain igneous rocks, chiefly porphyry and of metamorphosed slates. It also alluded to certain supposed elevations of the land in the same district.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Sept. 1st.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair, by whom a splendid new species of goliath beetle, from Cape Palmas, was exhibited. Mr. S. Stevens described a new mode of expanding the wings of lepidopterous insects for the cabinet, by means of inclined slabs of cork, having a groove down the centre, in which the body lies whilst the insects are drying. Mr. Douglas exhibited numerous British lepidoptera, including as many as eight species now first noticed as natives of this country, and only one of which had been previously described by continental writers. Memoirs were read by Mr. W. W. Saunders, containing descriptions of new species of Australian chrysomelidæ; and by Mr. W. Golding, on obtaining queen-bees from the eggs of the workers. A discussion took place on the disease with

which the potato-crop is attacked, the president mainly attributing it to the attacks of wireworms. By other members, however, the vegetable nature of the disease was maintained, and attributed to the growth of a minute parasitic fungus within the tuber.

Oct. 6th.—The president in the chair, by whom a vast number of minute species of Scelopendridæ were exhibited, and which he had taken from the tubers of diseased potatoes in the neighbourhood of Southend. Mr. Saunders exhibited some interesting illustrations of the natural history of the Australian species of Thynnidæ and Zeuzeridæ, and also a magnificent new species of Morpho, a genus of butterfly from South America, the resplendent blue of the wings of which surpasses that of every known species of this beautiful genus. Mr. Evans exhibited some moths taken at great distances from land in the Atlantic (one as far as 250 miles off the coast of Portugal); and Mr. Smith exhibited a remarkable hermaphrodite bee, belonging to the genus Nomada. A continuation of Mr. Saunders' paper on the Chrysomelidæ of New Holland was read; and also a note by Mr. J. Hogg, on the alleged habits of Crabro Cephalotes.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Nov. 1, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of Oct. 27.—M. Dumas, for himself and MM. Pelouze and Regnault, read a report on the researches of M. Wurtz relative to the acids of phosphorus, which were recommended for insertion in the *Recueil des Savants Etrangers*. Chemists hitherto have supposed that these acids exist without water, and that they combine with it. M. Wurtz contends that two of these acids exist only in combination with the elements of water. His investigations included also the chlorides of phosphorus.

M. Dumas presented the fourth part of the researches of MM. Favre and Silbermann on the heat disengaged in chemical combinations. The experiments embraced chiefly carbon of different kinds; and the following shew some of the figures representing the heat produced by the oxidation of the carbon passing into carbonic acid:—Small coal, 8715 and 8763; carbon from sugar, 8035 and 8039; coke, 8037 and 8058; furnace graphite, 7791 and 7784, and for another specimen, 7736 and 7738; natural graphite, 7796 and 7827; diamonds, 7770 and 7879.

M. Van Breda states, that his experiments shew a development of heat from the molecular movement of a bar of soft iron in a helix through which an interrupted current of electricity passes: the sound, as ordinarily, was also heard.

M. Oppermann was elected by the Academy to the chair of pharmacy in the Strasburg school.

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—Notwithstanding that the chapter of the cathedral of Sens shew a laudable desire for the preservation of that fine edifice and the mediæval treasures it contains, the inhabitants of the town, it appears, are still benighted with the darkness of Vandalism. Upwards of 300 fragments of Roman and other monuments, more or less considerable, have been brought to light within the town during the last ten years, and as yet there is no museum formed for their reception. Quite recently, in digging for the foundations of a house, the remains of a large building were found, including entablatures of vast size, and pillars two feet in diameter, all of good Roman work. The whole was covered up again. The remains of Roman work in the walls are very considerable; and, among other specimens, there

is to be observed a gateway, blocked up at present, of which the arch is quite perfect, with bricks and stones forming the voussours. Several of the inhabitants have made gaps through these walls in order to get a view of the public walks, formed where the old fosses used to be: but it is to be hoped that further dilapidations will be prevented. Some time ago the gates of the town, which were all mediæval buildings of great interest, were taken down merely to give occupation to the poor. When another period of distress arrives, it is to be hoped that they will deem it a sufficient excuse for building them up again. So much for municipal wisdom!

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 31. — The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. J. Hildyard, fellow and tutor of Christ's College.

Masters of Arts.—H. C. Canfield, T. W. Lane, Trinity College; A. W. Cole, St. John's College; J. N. Fowler, Magdalene College; W. Harker, St. Catharine's Hall.

Ad eundem.—Rev. J. Fussell, M.A., Queen's College, Oxford.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

Reported Discovery of the Unicorn.

Nov. 4th.—The large room in Mortimer Street was crowded with ladies and gentlemen on the occasion of the first meeting of this society.—Dr. J. Lee in the chair. Dr. H. Yates, the hon. secretary, announced that he was about to proceed to the East, chiefly on matters connected with the society; and that, in consequence, Mr. Ainsworth had taken office as joint hon. secretary, and W. Platé, LL.D., had accepted office as hon. foreign secretary. Four trustees had also been appointed: Mr. Sharpe, Dr. Lee, Dr. Platé, and Mr. Ainsworth. As one of the leading objects of the hon. secretary's expedition is to extend the society's correspondence, both on the Continent and in the East, as well as to collect recent information in those countries, it is anticipated that much benefit will accrue to the society from his travels. Reports were read from several correspondents in Egypt as to the present condition of the monuments belonging to England in those countries, and as to the fields open for new research.

A communication was then read from Prof. Fresnel, of Jidda, containing a variety of information which that learned traveller had collected as to the existence of a one-horned animal, in the neighbourhood of Lake Tchad and in the countries adjacent to the sources of the Niger. It appeared from M. Fresnel's information, derived from merchants, Badawi Arabs, and other sources, that the animal in question approached more to the ruminant than the pachydermatous family of quadrupeds, with thick skin, little hair, and a loose single horn fixed between the eyes. Some described it as resembling the uruch or bison; others assimilated it more to the mule. It was represented as an extremely ferocious animal. M. Fresnel then entered into an elaborate comparison of this animal with the unicorn of Scripture and that of Pliny. A note was next read from the Rev. Albert Badger, learnedly arguing that the word 'unicorn' in the Scriptures was an error of translation. Mr. Sharpe considered Prof. Fresnel's memoir as very unsatisfactory, and did not think that any solid data had been given for the belief in the existence of an unicorn in the interior of Africa. Mr. Ainsworth vindicated the logical and careful manner in which the author had sifted his intelligence, and attached considerable importance

to the information conveyed in it. There were no anatomical reasons why there should not be a one-horned animal; M. Fresnel's quadruped was certainly not a rhinoceros; and upon Mr. Badger's reading of the Hebrew *rim* as a two-horned animal, he would remark, that the Arab tradition supported the accepted version, as it speaks of the animal as *abn-khurn*, or "the father of one horn;" whereas, had it been two horns, it would have been *abn-khurnain*, in the dual, as Alexander is called *Dzu-l-khurnain*, from the two horns affixed to his head in the Macedonian coins. Mr. Johnson remarked, that the modern Abyssinians spoke of the *rim* as an apocryphal animal; and that all his inquiries in Africa concerning an unicorn were answered by vague and incredible stories. This gentleman said, that in St. George's Chapel there was an old painting representing the unicorn of the royal arms of England as a rhinoceros. He feared that M. Fresnel had received erroneous information. Mr. Wright gave an elaborate sketch of the opinions entertained during the middle ages upon the unicorn; and concluded by observing, that much would depend upon its being determined whether these legends and traditions of mediæval times had been imported from the East, or might not themselves have travelled there. Dr. Camps was not inclined to attach much importance to the information obtained by M. Fresnel. Mr. Buckingham said that he had heard, on the shores of the Red Sea, of the *abn-khurn*; and that the description he received there tallied with that given by M. Fresnel. Dr. Platé spoke of the well-known learning and ability of M. Fresnel as giving every desirable authenticity to any communication from that gentleman; and attesting to the proper caution and care that he would exercise in making his inquiries. Dr. Lee, on terminating the discussion, observed that M. Fresnel, not having himself seen the animal, left the question open to many doubts; and that he hoped that farther and more satisfactory information would be yet obtained.—Dr. Platé then exhibited pods of garden-peas, as a peculiar kind grown from seeds by Mr. Grimstone, and obtained by Mr. J. Pettigrew from the coffin of an Egyptian mummy. A drawing of the flower was exhibited, which appeared rather to belong to the genus *Cicer* than the *Pisum*.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Microscopical, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.
Thursday.—R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ITALIAN ASSOCIATION OF SCIENCE AT NAPLES IN 1845.

[The following letter is from Mr. S. Skillin to his relative, Mr. Wm. Kelleher, the Secretary, to whom Cork was indebted for the visit of the British Association in 1843.]

Naples, Oct 7, 1845.

THE Seventh Meeting of the *Scienziati Italiani* having been chosen to be held at Naples this year, it commenced on the 20th ult, and terminated on the 5th inst., so that it continued a fortnight. Science and scientific men engrossed the whole conversation during that period. I did not arrive until the eleventh hour, having remained enjoying the health-giving breezes of Sorrento, the birth-place, as you are aware, of Tasso.

Through the kindness of my friend, Dr. S., I was introduced and became a member, founding my claim, and having my claim allowed, as a Member of the British Association. I had, however, to wait for my ticket to be printed, and when I received it I found I was Number 1671. Oh, wonder of wonders, says the Italian epigram now circulating here, Greece, in its palmiest days, had but seven wise men, and here we behold not less than 1600 philosophers! Every member (for every thing is free, including admission) is presented with two superb quarto volumes—a guide-book of Naples, full of plates of all the remarkable places in Naples and its environs, as well as a smaller guide-book to carry about with him. Every day a *table d'hôte* is held at splendid palaces, which costs 4s. per head to the municipality, but the member pays only 2s. The day I dined there at least 1000 persons of that large section, gastronomy, were present, making the most vigorous and active inquiries into the properties of solids, the Italians being greater eaters, at least consuming more at one meal, than the English. I was much struck with the mortified air which seemed to pervade a picture of St. Francis, as it hung over the sideboard, being placed there as if to give an additional zest to the viands, just as the Egyptians introduced a skeleton at their feasts to make them jolly! It would have amused you much to see the expanding faces of the company, beards wagging all, waiters running to and fro, knives and forks clattering, occasionally drowned by the concord of sweet sounds—the band of the palace playing in the adjacent gardens. Having feasted thus sumptuously, wine and coffee wound up the entertainment. In the evening there was a *soirée* in the same apartment. One day they opened the new observatory on Mount Vesuvius, another day an excavation was made expressly for them at Pompeii. It was first got up, to be dug down for afterwards; in fact, on such occasions they bring a portion of the museum, and place what had been previously found, for fear of disappointment. Nothing of any importance was discovered on the occasion. A third day the king took twenty-five members of each section to visit Pæstum in his four fine frigates, and furnished them with a cold collation on board. As at the British Association meeting, every place is thrown open to the members on presenting their tickets. I was at court on Sunday last; for as a scientific man I received the following invitation from the Lord High Chamberlain of his Majesty of the two Sicilies, "who does himself the honour to make known to Signor — the wish expressed by his Majesty that the much-to-be-praised signor should come and pass the evening (these are the exact words) of Sunday next in his royal apartment, at the hour of 9 o'clock, French time, or Italian time, 21 o'clock. With distinguished esteem and consideration." Accordingly at the appointed hour, clad as directed, with a neat white cravat, a white waistcoat, a black coat and trousers, pumps, and black silk stockings, I wended my way to court, and strode up, through hosts of bowing and lace-begilded lacques, the marble staircases of the palace; and having my ticket and invitation compared by an officer, I was ushered into the place where all those met whom the king "delighted to honour." It was indeed a brilliant sight—the apartments all white and gold. Nothing could be more gorgeous when the whole court was assembled, with the whole diplomatic circles, &c.; such stars and decorations, with all kinds of gorgeous uniforms, and all sorts of embroidery, chamberlains with their gold keys, &c.

I was fortunate enough to know the Chevalier Barbosa, *attaché* to the Brazilian Legation, and Mr. Polk, the American *charge d'affairs*; they walked through the apartments with me, and pointed out all the distinguished persons. I saw Luciano Buonaparte, the Prince of Canino; he is President of the Zoological Section. I in vain looked for any likeness to the portraits of his uncle; he is rather a heavy-looking man. The handsomest woman in the assembly was the Duchess of Montebello, the French ambassador's wife; she is, I believe, a niece* of Mrs. Bodington, one of Mr. James Roche's friends. She is indeed a very beautiful woman, and a commanding figure, and wore a wreath of laurels like Norma in the opera. The king arrived in about an hour after the company were assembled, walked about, and conversed freely with those around him: he may be said, *physically*, to occupy the largest space in the eyes of Europe of any royal personage, if his sister did not outvie him in that particular. Ices and *bombons* were handed round during the evening, and there were two refreshment-rooms, in one of which I had a cup of coffee poured out for me from a king's gold coffee-pot, the flavour of which seemed rather much the same as the beverage I had got from my landlady in the morning. We had a great variety of music—all the best singers from the opera-house. In addition to all I have described, we are to get a beautiful bronze medal in a case, struck in commemoration of the meeting. Genoa is selected for the meeting next year, and the municipality of that town has voted a large sum to pay the expenses. There were but four members of the British Association here: Professor Owen, who read a paper on the cuttle-fish of the Mediterranean Sea; Dr. Daubeny, of Oxford; and Mr. Pentland, the geologist. All the steamers' fares were lowered to bring and take away the *Scienzezi*; all the lodgings, hotels, &c. let beds at only 1s. 4d. per night, and a low charge was fixed for breakfast, &c. &c. There were but few ladies attending the meeting. The exhibition of paintings was opened now instead of in the spring. Having thus, I trust, given you some idea how they manage such matters in Italy, my next letter will be from Rome; but I can never forget the happiness I enjoyed among the intellectual society of Naples, during the four months I have resided in this classic land, amidst the loveliest and grandest scenery in the world—the cradle of Tasso—the tomb of Virgil, &c. &c. S.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

REMINISCENCES OF XANTHUS.

By a *Histrionopagous Traveller*.

DEAR Lycia! fair land of antiquities,
Which Fellows first dared to explore,
My heart—oh! my heart, very sick it is,
When I think I'm so far from thy shore!
From Xanthus, the home of my wishes,
Where we used to sup, breakfast, and dine
On the dish of all dishes delicious,
On—cold roast porcupine!

Well I remember the cottage where,
When the day's labour was o'er,
Hungry we lied for our potage there,
And afterwards slept on the floor.
Though fleas in millions hopped over us,
Ne'er were we heard to repine;
Then making mighty discoveries,
Fed upon cold porcupine!

Above us rose Mount Marsicytus,
His classic head hoary with snow,

* The Duchess of Montebello is, we believe, the daughter, not the niece, of Mrs. Bodington, who was herself the beautiful Miss Comerford, of Cork, authoress of "Summer in the Pyrenees," "Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine," &c.

And many a river to greet us
From his pine-mantled shoulder did flow;
And forests of oak and of cedar
His far-stretching limbs did entwine.
For the wild boar and leopard to feed there,
And the gentle porcupine!
The ibex careers above Pinara;
The wild boar abounds about Tios;
The partridges cackle at Minara;
By Patara, curlews are dross.
But, Xanthus, thy boast shall be greater,
The cream of the valley thou'lt shine!
Dear haunt of the *Histris cristata*,
The genuine porcupine!
Where'er to the British Museum
I go at the marbles to stare,
I heave a great sigh when I see 'em,
And think of their own native air.
It is not the letters so big on them,
It is not the sculptures so fine,
But because, when the Beacons were digging them,
We had cold roast porcupine!
Talk of your turtle! no alderman,
Fed upon green fat and fin,
Deserves by a cook to be called a man,
If Porky his heart wouldn't win.
My faith conscientious is, if he came
To Lycia, he'd never repine,
Nor sigh for the whitebait of silver Thame
Over cold roast porcupine!
Species there are of rodentia
Which nobody uses as food,
And only because folks won't venture
To taste, ere they're sure they are good;
But I would eat capromys, echinys,
Castor, rat, mouse, marmotte,
And never consider their meat amiss,
If like roast porcupine!

THE DRAMA.

THE theatres this week have not been productive of novelties demanding literary notice. On Saturday last the *Diable à Quatre*, a ballet, was produced at the Princess's; and, with some good, and much second and third-rate dancing (as is invariably the highest pitch of English legs), contrived to prove our suspicion that the contested music of Monsieur Adolphe Adam was not worth a fiddlestick's end. The twee-dledummetry that has enchanted the Parisians is poor stuff. At Drury Lane a still more wonderful French mania-maker has been done, under the longish title of *A Princess changed into a Deer*, originally the *Biche au Bois*. As we rather suspect that this Deer has been chased from the theatre, and will appear no more, we will say no more than that it was a monstrous bungle of confusion, with some scenery and appointments which must have cost the management something, and would have been dear at any price. It is strange that experience never seems to offer a sure light for the direction of stage affairs: if it did, we should assuredly never be affronted with the trash so often "tried on."—The French-play season began on Monday with *La Partie de Chasse de Henri IV.*, and Lafont in that and in *Le Chevalier de Guet* performed the leading parts with his usual talent. Mr. Mitchell has fitted up and re-decorated the house in a very handsome style; and it looks more brilliant than when first opened to the public. The amateurs who have announced a repetition of *Every Man in his Humour*, on Saturday, next for the benefit of the Sanatorium, will find themselves in a palace here, yet not less snug than Miss Kelly's little theatre. In the *Somnambule*, a very pretty actress, Mlle. St. Marc, appeared, and made a favourable impression. As this is a brilliant anti-Christmas month or six weeks in town, there is no lack of fashionable company to fill attractive theatres. M. Jullien has announced the commencement of his concerts for Friday next.—The Haymarket has given us some sterling comedies, and been fully attended. Also, *As you like it*, with Jacques very artistically performed by Mr. Anderson.

VARIETIES.

A Robert Burns Relic.—The editor of the *Glasgow Examiner* describes a curious round silver box which a Mr. G. M'iver had presented to the poet in 1791, "for auld lang syne;" as is testified by an inscription to that effect. It seems to have been a Stuart or Jacobite memorial, "of about two inches in diameter, on the lid of which the following characters are inscribed around a representation of Charles I. on horseback, bearing a sword: 'Carolus: D: Magn: Brit: Fran: et: Hib: Rex.' Around the bottom of the box is inscribed: 'Exvrgat: Deus: Dissipentur: inimici.' And in four lines across the centre is the following: 'X. Relig: Prot: Leg: Aug: Liber: Par. 1642.' The box contains a silver coin about the weight of an ounce, which on each side bears inscriptions exactly similar to those on the box, with the exception that the date is 1643." The weight of the two is 2 oz. 3 dwts.

The Leves Remains of the time of the Conquest, described in last *Gazette*, have been anatomically examined, with the following results: The bones were of a firm texture—hard, solid, and in a high state of preservation, especially those of Gundreda. Several of those of Earl de Warren were missing, but those of Gundreda were as nearly perfect as possible; and, judging from the length of them, the bodies must have been considerably above the middle stature. The details of the length of the bones upon which this is founded are: Gundreda.—Femur, or thigh-bone, 18½ inches; tibia, or leg-bone, 15 inches; humerus, or upper arm-bone, 12 inches; probable height, about 5 feet 8 inches. William.—Femur, 19½ inches; tibia, 15½ inches; humerus, 12½ inches; circumference of the shaft of the femur at its middle, 4½ inches; probable height, about 6 feet 1 or 2 inches.

Of the Biela Comet, discovered in 1826, the perihelion passage will, according to the calculations of Professor Santini, take place on the 11th of February next. In the autumn of 1832, Dr. Olbers, and other astronomers, calculated that it crossed the plane of the ecliptic at a point distant only 6283 leagues from the Earth's path. The nearest approach to our globe during the present apparition will occur in the ensuing month of March.

The Vestiges of Creation.—Sir R. Vyvyan has contradicted the paragraph in the *Falmouth Packet*, which affirmed that he was the author of this work.

Pension to Lady Shee.—Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to bestow a pension of 200l. per annum on the lady of the accomplished president of the Royal Academy.

The Arctic Expedition.—The Prince of Wales, whaler, has brought an account of the Expedition so late as July 26th, in lat. 74° 48' N., and long. 66° 13' W.; when both ships were fast to an iceberg, the crews in high health and spirits, and the officers, from the state of the sea, quite hopeful of a successful voyage.

Hartlepool Chapel, Durham.—The site of this ancient chapel has recently been discovered, and partially explored. Gothic foundations and columns, broken images, coffins, human bones, and other interesting relics, have already been brought to light; and Mr. J. Yeal, to whom we are indebted for these researches, will no doubt pursue them with industry and zeal.

The O'Donoghue (No. XII. and XIII.) by Harry Lorrequer, is finished with the present double No.; and ends one of those spirited and effective Irish tales for which the public is indebted to the pen of Mr. Lever. It is, after

all, a melancholy picture of a divided country, by the distractions of which all the holiest relations of life are broken. One class of society is ranged against another, rank is opposed to rank, and the blessings showered upon the fertile land by nature are blighted, and the happy intercourse of man with man, God-gifted with the highest of physical and intellectual powers, is embittered from the top to the bottom of the cup.

Le Petit Moniteur Française is the name given to a pretty little box of cards, on which are printed words and short phrases in English and French. The lessons are taught by inducing the young folks to arrange them in juxtaposition, agreeably to their meaning.

Theatre at Lisbon.—The superb new national theatre of Donna Maria Secunda, in the square of Dom Pedro or Rocio, was opened on the 29th ult., with a grand spectacle to celebrate the birth-day of the King Dom Fernando. The tickets were issued gratuitously from the Home Office, and the house was crowded with all the rank, wealth, and fashion of the Portuguese capital. The building, of a beautiful stone, is stated to be magnificent, in the Palladian style, and of the Ionic order; and occupying a whole side of the finest square in the city. There are two rows of seventeen windows each along the front, surmounted by *bassi reliev*i, and semi-circular windows. An elegant balustrade enables the company to be set down or taken up in bad weather without exposure to the wet. Altogether, the erection is spoken of as a *chef d'œuvre*, and the cost 50,000*l*.

City of London School.—Mr. David Salomons, late Sheriff of London, and the first of the Jewish religion, has invested 1666*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*. three per cent Consols in trustees, to found an exhibition of 50*l*. a year, during four years, at Oxford, Cambridge, London University, or King's College, for scholars wholly or in part educated at the City of London School. This is the thirteenth endowment of the same kind since the school was established; and Mr. Wire intimated, that another would very shortly make its appearance. The tolerant, liberal, and excellent system on which the establishment, consisting of nearly 500 scholars, is conducted, was warmly eulogised by individuals of every party and persuasion.

City Improvements.—The report of the committee appointed to consider the best means of carrying into effect the resolution for appropriating the sum of 20,000*l*. annually for public purposes, recommends that some improvement should be carried into effect in the next year, and has selected plans—one for forming a street from the south end of Water Lane, now called Blackfriars Street; and the other in the Old Bailey, from the south side of the New Inn to the south side of Prujean Square—for that purpose. These designs will accordingly be immediately proceeded with. The appropriation of the site of Farringdon market for a railway-terminus (in the first instance for the Manchester direct line) seems also likely to be forthwith carried into effect.

Chusan.—A political and commercial comparison having arisen between Hong-Kong and Chusan, it is geologically stated, among other matters, that the latter "is a submarine convulsion. No rotten strata are to be found, as at Hong-Kong. In the centre of the island, on a height of 700 feet, the compass vibrates so much, as to become useless."

Lord Montagu, a nobleman of the house of Buccleuch, of fine accomplishments, and the friend and patron of literature and literary men, as was shewn by his friendship for Scott

and the interest he took in his affairs after his death, died recently, aged 69.

Professor J. David Forbes, of Edinburgh.—It is stated in the newspapers that this eminent professor, whose devotedness to science and high attainments are universally known and acknowledged, has had his services recognised by her Majesty in a pension of two hundred pounds a year.

Archæological Researches at Pompeii.—A letter from Naples of the 9th ult. informs us that a few days before, the Scientific Congress now assembled at Naples, led by their president, M. St. Angelo, repaired to Pompeii, where, in the presence of the society, investigations were instituted under the direction of M. Carlo Bonucci, chief conservator of the antiquities of the kingdom. The operations were crowned with success. In a street in the vicinity of the Augustan temple they discovered two shops fitted with different kitchen-utensils made of iron and bronze, which were in all probability exposed there for sale. Opposite these shops they discovered a magazine, containing blocks of native and African marble, and five statues of white marble of different sizes, including that of a fawn, and another representing the skeleton of a woman enveloped in flowing drapery. In this last statue the learned archæologists present recognised the Goddess of Envy. At one of the extremities of the Rue de la Fortune they cleared their way to a house which contained on the ground-floor a large saloon, filled with various articles of office-furniture, in one of which were found some silver coins of the reigns of Vespasian and Galba, and several marble weights. All the heights surrounding Pompeii and several of the streets and squares of that city were crowded with people, so that it seemed for a moment as if the ancient Roman city had recovered its inhabitants, its life, and its activity.—*Paris paper.*

Thorwaldsen's Statue of Byron was placed in its permanent position in the library of Trinity College last week. The society has also been enriched by a statue of Bacon, by Weekes, presented by the Rev. Dr. Whewell. It is placed in the ante-chapel, near the screen, and almost under the bust of Wordsworth. The philosopher is represented reclining in his chair. On the pedestal is the following inscription:

FRANCISCVS BACON
BARO DE VERYLAN STL. ALBANI VICECOMES
SEV NOTIORIBVS TITVLIS
SCIENTIARVM LYMEN FACVNDILE LEX
SIC SEDEBAT.
QVI POSTQVAM OMNIA NATVRALIS SAPIENTIE
ET CIVILIS ARCANIA EVOLVVISSET
NATVRE DECRETVM EXPLEVIT
COMPOSITA SOLVANTVR.
A.D. MDCXXVI.
ETAT. LXVI.

—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

Air-Churn.—The Bishop of Derry has, it is stated, invented an easy and effectual air-churn, by the simple manner of forcing a full current of atmospheric air through the cream by means of a well-devised forcing pump. The air passes through a glass tube connected with the air-pump, descending nearly to the bottom of the churn. The churn is of tin, and it fits into another tin cylinder provided with a funnel and stopcock, so as to heat the cream to the necessary temperature. The pump is worked by means of a winch, which is not so laborious as the usual churn. Thus the oxygen of the atmosphere is brought into close contact with the cream, so as to effect a full combination of the butyrateous part, and to convert it all into butter. On one occasion the churning was car-

ried on for the space of 1 hour and 45 minutes, and 11 gallons of cream produced 26*lb*. of butter.—*Globe.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Illuminated Calendar and Diary for 1846: "Hours" of the Duke of Anjou, imp. 8vo, 3*l*. 2*s*.—The French Student's Manual, or Selections from French Writers, by N. Roy, 12mo, 5*s*.—Patterns of Inlaid Tiles, from Churches in the Diocese of Oxford, drawn and engraved by W. A. Church, 4to, 5*s*.—Picture-work: Antiquities of Ipswich, Part III., folio, 8*s*. (completing the work).—Arabin, or Adventures in New South Wales, by T. M'Combie, 12mo, 8*s*.—Railway Shareholder's Pocket-Book, 2*s*. 6*d*.—The Old Man's Rambles, 18mo, 5*s*.—Eight Sermons at St. Paneras Church, by the Rev. G. S. Drew, 8vo, 6*s*.—Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Vol. III., new edit., fcp. 4*s*. 6*d*.—Keane's Courts of Requests, 3d edit., 12mo, 4*s*.—Stephen's New Commentaries on the Laws, Vol. IV., 8vo, 22*s*.—Turrell's Treatise on the Liability of a Subscriber to a Railway Company, 12mo, 3*s*.—Maugham's Digest of Examination Questions, 2d edit., 12mo, 8*s*.—The Railway Almanac and Directory for 1846, 8vo, 2*s*. 6*d*.—The History of Gibraltar; translated from the Spanish, and continued by J. Bell, fcp. 5*s*.—Chaucer's Works, by Sir H. Nicolas, 6 vols., fcp. 30*s*.—S. Billing and A. Prince on the Law of Patents, 8vo, 12*s*.—F. Hildyard on the Law of Marine Insurance, royal 8vo, 30*s*.—Guide to the Foreign and Colonial Posts, by F. Herbert, 8vo, 7*s*. 6*d*.—The Doctrine of the Russian Church, translated by the Rev. R. W. Bleeker, 8vo, 10*s*. 6*d*.—Lockhart's Life of Sir W. Scott, People's Edition, royal 8vo, 9*s*. sewed, 10*s*. cloth.—Doctrines for the Church, by the Rev. M. Brock, fcp. 1*s*. 6*d*.—Etchings to the Illustrated Shakspeare, designed by K. Meadows, royal 8vo, 10*s*. 6*d*.—Chambers' Educational Course, School Atlas, 4to, 10*s*. 6*d*.—Lyrical Poems of Dante, translated by C. Lyell, fcp. 4*s*. 6*d*.—The Youth's Key to the Bible, by the Rev. T. Fimpon, 18mo, 2*s*.—The Veritable History of Mr. Bachevalier Butterfly, oblong, 5*s*.—The Pious Minstrel, new edit. 32mo, 2*s*.—Agnes Moreville; or, the Victim of the Convent, by the Rev. S. S. Wilson, 12mo, 6*s*.—Student's Help to the English, French, and Italian languages, by Guido Sorelli, post 8vo, 5*s*.—Parochial Sermons from Advent to Trinity Sunday, by the Rev. H. J. Hastings, 8vo, 12*s*.—Revealed Truth Vindicated, by J. Apperly, post 8vo, 5*s*. 6*d*.—Original Sketches in Poetry, by E. L. B., fcp. 6*s*.—The Practical Astronomer, by T. Dick, LL.D., 12mo, 10*s*. 6*d*.—Willie Fraser, and other Tales, by Mrs. R. Lee, 18mo, 2*s*. 6*d*.—Glimpses of the Wonderful, 1846, square, 5*s*.—Orders in Chancery from 1800 to 1845, with Statutes, &c., by S. Miller, 2d edit., 12mo, 14*s*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO VISITORS TO THE CONTINENT.—Messrs. J. and R. McCracken, Foreign Agents, and Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7 Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility and Gentry that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c. from all parts of the Continent, for clearing through the Custom-House, &c.; and that they undertake the shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

Lists of their Correspondents abroad, and every information, may be had on application at their Office as above.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRIC EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 55 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1841. In 1845, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

DENT'S Patent Watches, Chronometers, and Clocks.

R. HENDRIE,

Perfumer to Her Majesty, 12 Tichborne Street, London.

HENDRIE'S OLD BROWN WINDSOR

SOAP, so long celebrated for improvement, retains its superiority as a perfectly mild emollient soap, highly salutary to the skin, possessing an aromatic and lasting perfume: each Packet is labelled with Perkins's steel plate of Windsor Castle.

A variety of highly perfumed Soap Tablets, Sand Balls, &c., prepared without angular corners.

HENDRIE'S PRESERVATIVE TOOTH-POWDER, an effectual preparation for beautifying the Teeth, and preserving them in a sound and healthy condition, is exceedingly agreeable to the mouth, and divesting the Teeth of every impurity, increases the beauty of the enamel in polish and colour.

HENDRIE'S MOISTURE is the most beneficial extract of oleaginous substances for maintaining the beauty and luxuriance of the Hair, having also a delightful perfume. His Germinaline Liquid is a certain specific for producing a new growth where the Hair is falling.

HENDRIE'S COLORED CARBON OF ROSES, prepared in great perfection.

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THE LORD PROVOST, MAGISTRATES, and
COUNCIL, the Patrons of the School, this day resolved to DELAY
till this day four weeks, the 25th of November, the ELECTION of a
Gentleman to fill the office of RECTOR, vacant by the retirement of
Dr. CARSON.

City Chambers, Edinburgh,
28th October 1845.

ROYAL SOCIETY, SOMERSET
HOUSE.—THE WEEKLY ORDINARY MEETINGS for the
Session 1845-6 will commence on THURSDAY, the 29th November,
at Half-past Eight p.m.; and the ANNIVERSARY will be held on
MONDAY, the 1st December, at Four p.m.

CHARLES RICHARD WILD,
Assistant Secretary.

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ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS, to take place at that National
Establishment; they will therefore commence NEXT FRIDAY, No-
vember 14th, 1845.

It is with the greatest satisfaction and pride that M. JULLIEN can
refer to the eminent success which attended his First Series of Con-
certs at Covent Garden, when the experiment was attempted of re-
moving from a small to a large Theatre, and of endeavouring to fill
so large an arena by the attraction of Instrumental Music alone. The
second Series of Concerts, which took place last Autumn, showed
that attraction to be on the increase, and to such a degree that, as
quacious as the building was, it was yet too limited to accommodate
the audiences which nightly flocked to the doors, and numbers of
persons frequently returned unable to gain admission. In order to
guard as much as possible against similar disappointments, M.
JULLIEN has obtained permission of the Proprietors to remove to
other parts of the Theatre a great quantity of scenery and machinery
which encumbered the stage; this, together with other alterations,
will materially augment the dimensions of the Promenade, to which
greater facilities of ingress and egress have also been effected.

Notwithstanding the great expense incurred last year in the fit-
tings, AN ENTIRELY NEW AND RICH DECORATION will
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In consequence of the Theatre being, after Christmas, let for
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